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CHEAT RIVER TO THE TENNESSEE

1861–1862,

BY

COLONEL CHARLES WHITTLESEY,

UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS,

MILITARY ENGINEER IN CHIEF FOR THE STATE AND DEPARTMENT OF OHIO.

OF CONGRESS,

CLEVELAND, O.
WILLIAM W. WILLIAMS,
1884.

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PREFACE.

It is in the power of gifted writers to make the literature of war extremely attractive. The horrid panorama of battle, well portrayed, possesses a fascinating interest for every one. The science of war, including that of fortification, requires the highest application of the exact sciences, and the best skill of well educated minds. In its practice the greatest variety of detail is brought into play, sustained by personal courage and the highest exhibition of human energy.

With all these advantages of a subject, the readers of these pages must not anticipate literary attractions. During a brief service in the war of the Rebellion, my field notes, sketches and maps naturally accumulated, as the results of personal observations. The memory of those days has not weakened by the lapse of time. Every reference to those memoranda has made the recollection of events more interesting and vivid. I shall not be able to impress upon my readers these glowing visions of the past, which, under the mechanical act of writing, lose their brilliancy. Many years since, without any specific object, most of these papers were outlined as a congenial occupation. They are here produced in a manner that makes no pretense to statistical or historical completeness, but with a feeling that no narrative of military events, by parties who participated in them, can be without some value.

The occasional use of ths personal pronoun is liable to the charge of egotism. I think it preferable to the use of "the present writer," "the narrator," or "the author," which are open to the same objection, and also to that of awkward circumlocution.

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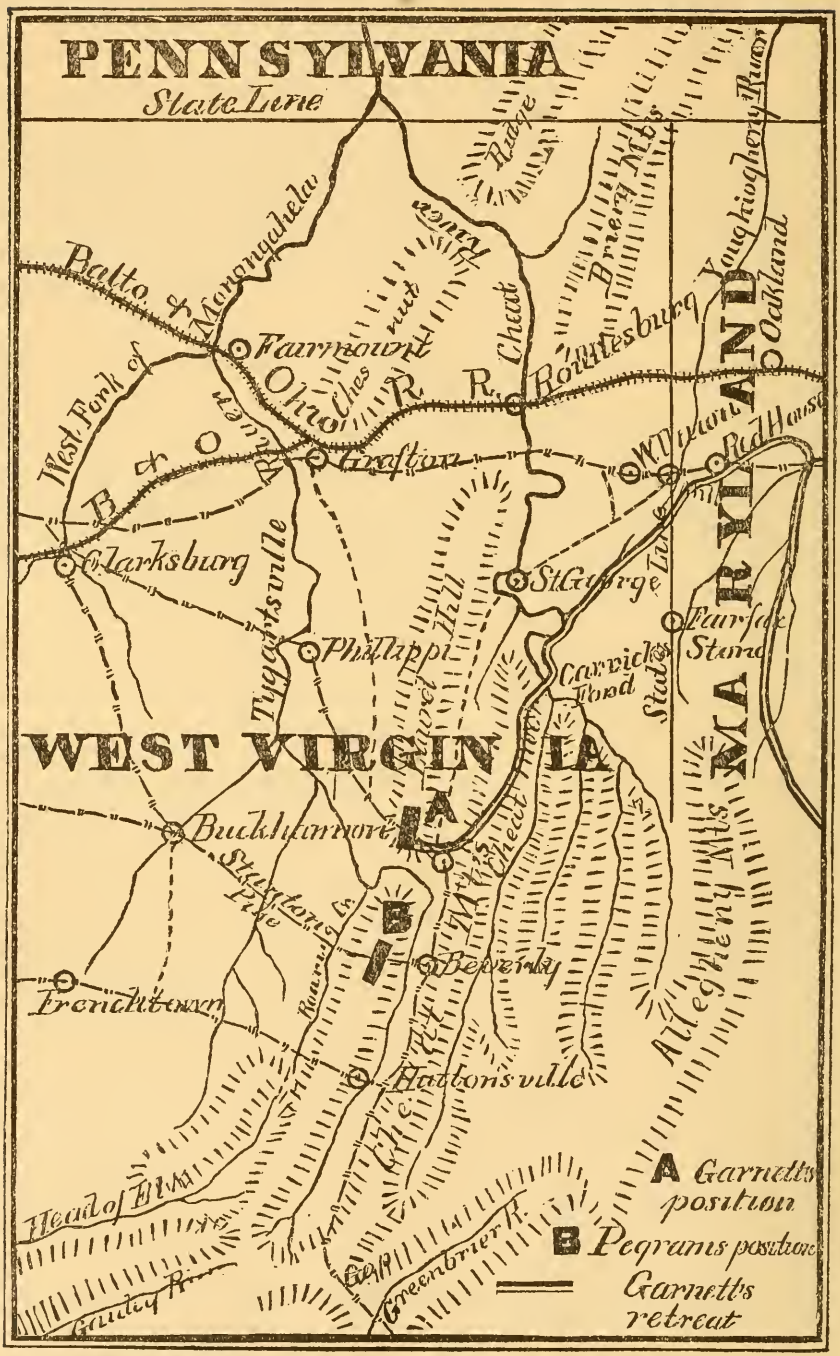
PENNSYLVANIA
State Line
Balto. & Monongahela
West Fork of
B & O
Fairmount
Ohio R. R.
Ches nut
Cheat River
Ridge
Briery Mts
Youghiogheny River
Oakland
Rowlesburg
Grafton
W. Union
Red House
MARYLAND
Clarksburg
Tygartsville
Phillippi
St. George
Fairfax Stone
Carvick's Fond
State Line
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CHAPTER I.

TYGARTS VALLEY CAMPAIGN—GEN. GARNETT'S ESCAPE, JULY, 1861.

THE escape of that portion of the Confederate army under Gen. Garnett, after the defeat at Rich Mountain, was certainly not creditable to the Union forces. Smarting under the loss of so many troops, which he considered to be his prisoners, it is not strange that Gen. McClellan censured Gen. Hill in a manner quite unusual for him. It is not as a controversialist that I take up the subject, having at all times had no other sentiments than those of respect or friendship for all of the parties. I have, however, considered that the facts did not justify either the crimination of Gen. McClellan or the recrimination of Gen. Hill. A review of the situation may place them on better terms, and may do something for history, which is at first always partial and fragmentary, but eventually becomes reliable through many witnesses.

The States of Ohio and Indiana were in advance of the General Government in the rapidity of preparation. If they had been old monarchies, always ready for aggression, they could not have met the emergency more promptly. The loyal men of West Virginia were organizing, but were about to be crushed. There being no hope of relief from Washington, an earnest but manly appeal was made to the States on the north side of the Ohio river. The governors of these States became quasi-military officers. By a masterly policy they were authorized to defend territory outside of State limits.

By the first of June, volunteer troops from Ohio and Indiana were in position across the Ohio river. At daylight on the morning of the 3d, in concert with Col. Kelley's regiment of West Virginia, they attacked Philippi (or Philippa), twelve miles south of Grafton, driving Col. Porterfield, of the Rebel

forces, up the valley of Tygarts river. In a short time there were *ten* regiments from Ohio and *six* from Indiana in that part of Virginia. They were commanded by officers of the State militia, Generals McClellan, Morris, Hill and Cox.

Gen. Garnett had been adjutant-general and a favorite of Gen. Lee at Richmond. He was sent to assume command in the Cheat River district, as the opponent of Gen. McClellan. It was the design of the Federal commander to seize the Virginia Central railroad at Milborough, by passing the Elk Mountain gap, in the direction of Huntersville, nearly south about fifty miles. Garnett found the Confederate forces so weak, so poorly organized and inefficiently commanded, that he had little hopes of saving that important railroad, by which Richmond connected with East Tennessee and Western Virginia. When Gen. McClellan directed Gen. Rosecrans to attack the Rebel force on the summit of Rich mountain, Gen. Garnet was posted on the road over the summit of Laurel mountain. Lieut.-Col. Heck was the ranking officer on Rich mountain, but Lieut.-Col. Pegram, having been an officer in the United States army, claimed the command. Col. Heck yielded in a sulky mood, out of deference to Gen. Garnett. This position was of much more consequence than that of Gen. Garnett's, seven miles further north, and was much stronger in a military sense. If captured, the route of Gen. Garnett's supplies and retreat, through Beverly or the Green Brier gap, was closed. Instead of an inferior officer and a divided authority, this point deserved a good, superior officer, with all the resources in Tygarts valley. It would seem that the Rebel commander was meditating upon offensive movements against the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, more than the defense of his position. None deemed it possible for the Union forces to scale Rich mountain, on Pegram's left; but had fears of a turning movement on his right, along an old road near the river gap, which separated their camps. Both positions were partly down the mountain, on the west side. To communicate with Pegram, Garnett was obliged to go eastward down Laurel hill to Leadville church, then southerly toward Beverly to the turn-

pike, and along it west and northwest over Rich mountain, in all eleven or twelve miles.

Tygarts Valley river rises at the Cheat River range, runs northerly past Huttonsville and Beverly, and, further north, passes the range through a gap to the westward, where it is joined by the Middle fork, and runs northerly past Philippi, Grafton and Fairmount. The turnpike from Staunton, Va., to the Greenbrier river and Cheat mountain, passes Huttonsville and Beverly, thence across Rich mountain to Buckhannon and Weston. Another road leaves the turnpike near the gap, crosses Laurel mountain to Philippi, intersecting the western turnpike at Clarksburg. A county road extends northerly on the east of Laurel mountain to Rowlesburg, and also one on the west side down the valley to Pruntystown and Grafton. Cheat river heads with the Greenbrier, and runs northerly on the east side of the Cheat mountains past St. George and Rowlesburg, which is situated on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. The next mountain range to the east is the Alleghany, and east of it are the south forks of the Potomac. Rich mountain and Laurel hill are only different names for a range of high, precipitous mountains to the west of the upper part of Tygarts river. At the north end is Laurel hill, which commands the road to Beverly. About eight miles south another road leads over Rich mountain from Weston, and the northwestern turnpike also to Beverly, where were the Confederate headquarters and their supplies. Both passes were held by their troops, before which the loyal State troops were ready for action.

At Laurel Hill, in front of Garnett, General Morris, of Indiana, was in command. At Rich Mountain were stationed General McClellan and General Rosecrans. General Hill held the railroad from Cheat river, through Grafton to Parkersburg and Wheeling. What followed has been often described. Pegram and Garnett were obliged to evacuate their fortified position on the mountain crests, by a judicious movement on Beverly to their left and rear, which was quickened by an assault in front on the 11th and 12th of July. Before they could retreat southerly up the valley, Rosecrans must be overcome at Beverly.

The Cheat River mountains, lying between Tygarts and Cheat rivers, were not impassable; but parallel with them at a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles, the Alleghanies rise much higher, with no cross-roads or passes for a distance of fifty miles. About half the Confederate forces were surrendered by Pegram, or were captured among the mountains. Every one from general to soldier expected the other half—which had fled with Garnett over rough mountain ways to the northeast, pressed by Morris with his aide, Captain Benham, of the engineers, leading the advance—would surely fall into the hands of Hill. Every one, therefore, was chagrined at their escape. From the 1st to the 8th of July I reconnoitred the country east of Grafton, to the foot of the Alleghanies, in anticipation of a battle and a possible retreat that way. Although I partook of the general disappointment, I have never been inclined to censure the commanders for the result. Gen. Morris pursued with all the vigor that circumstances permitted. Captain, now Gen. Benham, with the advance troops at Corrick's ford, did all that could be expected of veterans. The Confederates, while Garnett lived, and after he was killed, made wonderful efforts. They had been in motion from the evening of the 11th, reaching that river on the morning of the 13th, in very stormy weather. Here they were compelled to abandon their transportation, and everything except a battery of artillery, to which they clung with the tenacity of old soldiers.

It was twenty-five miles from Corrick's ford to the nearest pass of the Alleghanies at Red House. Col. Irvine, of the Sixteenth Ohio, with eighteen or nineteen companies from that regiment, and from the Eighth and Fifteenth Ohio, was at West Union, eight miles west of Red House, on the turnpike from Richmond to the Ohio. As soon as the retreat of Garnett was known to Gen. McClellan, on the 12th, he telegraphed in the most urgent terms to Gen. Hill, at Grafton, that he must cut off the fugitives. It was not done. Between 2,500 and 3,000 of a defeated army, in a disorganized condition, were in a position where escape did not come within the chances of war. Garnett's body had been left in our hands, their trains had been abandoned and they were encumbered with a battery. Their

route was never in the condition of a good road; it was then soaked and gullied by powerful rains. From the evening of the 11th, when they left Laurel Hill, they had not enjoyed a night's repose.

It is twenty-three miles from Corrick's ford to Red House, which is a long day's march on good roads for troops in good marching trim. The rear guards were on the Cheat river until noon of the 13th, and left Red House at 5 A. M. of the 14th. During that day they made twenty miles more. They escaped by two hours' time. The circumstances of the escape are yet under discussion, and effect the reputation of several military officers. As the map shows, the Cheat mountains are parallel with the Alleghanies, but they are lower, more irregular, and have frequent gaps and passes. Cheat river concentrates its upper branches five miles south of St. George at Corrick's ford. Garnett hurried on through the night of the 12th of July, over one of the mountain crests into the valley of the Black fork of Cheat river, down it northerly to its mouth and across the main river. Ordinarily he would have had great trouble in crossing, and would have been caught by the pursuing forces, but the rains of the preceding morning had not then swollen the stream. It was not, then, a special barrier at that time to either party; but all streams in these regions represent deep and narrow valleys, with steep, rugged sides, covered with thick timber and rocks. The map explains the main features of the region at a glance. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad passing out of the valley of the Potomac, through a grap in the Alleghanies, across the heads of the Youghiogheny, across the Cheat river at Rowlesburg, pursues nearly a west course along precipices, through gorges and tunnels, across Tygarts river at Grafton, and through Clarksburg to the Ohio at Parkersburg. From Rowlesburg through Grafton to Wheeling and to Parkersburg, it was in custody of General Hill and the Ohio troops. Nearly parallel with the railroad is the great northwestern turnpike, constructed in 1826, from Richmond to Parkersburg, through Romney and a pass of the Alleghanies, east of Red House. Crossing the Cheat by a bridge five miles above (that is south of) Rowlesburg, thence to Tygarts, three miles below

Grafton, it reaches Clarksville and Parkersburg. From Staunton, Virginia, another turnpike had been built at the same time by the State, supervised by the French engineer, General Crozet, which crossed the Alleghany mountains at the next practical gap, fifty miles south of Red House, near Huttonsville, and led thence over Rich mountain through Weston into the northwestern pike. These were the only good roads of the country, and of necessity drew upon these lines the military activity of both parties. Away from public highway, the paths, the trails and quasi roads in that region, are impracticable to armies with their teams. The inhabitants use horses and mules, or oxen and sleds, only a few of them are practicable for loaded wheels. It is very little these people know of the routes beyond their immediate neighborhood, and they were not inclined to tell us what they did know. To Garnett's fugitives they were more communicative. Reliable maps did not exist.

As chief military engineer of the Ohio troops, I devoted four days, from the third to the seventh of July, to the investigation of routes between the upper Cheat river and the pass near Red House, on which the military questions turn. From St. George to Red House there had once been a passable mud road, then sadly dilapidated, but not impracticable. Chisholm's mills is on the Richmond turnpike at the Maryland line, four miles west of Red House. Four miles farther west, on very high grounds, where frost is imminent every month of the year, but not as high as the Alleghanies, is the neat German hamlet of West Union. From thence to the east and southeast, the mountain range is visible like a straight and lofty wall; projected upon the sky, without gaps or passes even for a body of stragglers. On the 4th of July, with Major Frothingham, chief engineer to Gen. Hill's brigade, and Adjutant Marshall of Col. Irvine's staff, I reconnoitred to West Union and reported that it should be occupied at once.

Col. Irvine, whose headquarters were at Cheat River bridge, immediately sent there Major Bailey of his regiment and two companies. There is a road north from St. George, west of the river, on which Major Bailey had erected a barricade, expecting the enemy by that route. There is no practicable road

down the valley on the east bank from St. George, through the gorge to Cheat River bridge. Where the turnpike ascends Porcupine mountain, easterly from the river, to West Union, a hundred men could arrest the progress of a regiment. It was evident that this part of the road should be in our hands.

About a mile and a half west of West Union, the first road from St. George comes in from the south, and here in a log barn, which answered the purpose of a block house, we spent the night of the 4th-5th of July. In the morning we examined the country and the people to the south and east as far as Chisholm's mills. The St. George road has three branches besides the one coming in at the barn, where we were quartered. One enters West Union, another comes to the mill; and the most easterly or right hand branch strikes the turnpike at Red House. Most of the inhabitants concealed themselves from us, but those who were willing to communicate, denied that there were other roads between this one and the mountain. As we expected that Gen. McClellan had already attacked Rich Mountain, we had a lively interest in all roads between Cheat river and the Wildnerness mountain barrier, which rose grandly in our front. Oakland was in our possession, situated on the railroad, twenty miles east of Rowlesburg, and only nine miles from Red House by a passable road. On the 6th I reported that there was no road nearer the mountains, along which the retreat from St. George could be effected, and recommended that not less than a regiment be posted at the Maryland line, near the mill.

During the next day I was ordered to Clarksburg and Parkersburg, and therefore rely upon sources of information that are now public. These are principally Gen. Hill's reports, July 22, 1861, Gen. McClellan's narrative, 1863, and Gen. Hill's rejoinder, November, 1865. On the 9th Col. Irvine suggested to Gen. Hill, Red House as "a proper position for our troops," to which he (Hill) replied, giving him discretionary powers. During the attack at Rich Mountain, on the 12th, six companies of the 8th Ohio, Col. Dupuy, and the same number from the 15th Ohio, Col. Andrews, were sent to him. Col. Irvine reported that he should move easterly along the turnpike to Chisholm's

mills, placing an advance of 200 men at Red House. Gen. Hill was advised from headquarters of the retreat of Garnett by the way of St. George about noon of the 13th, the message having been nearly twenty-four hours on the way.

Irvine was at once advised of the state of affairs, and the urgency of the commanding general's orders. Attention had not been called to roads more southerly than St. George. Lieutenant Myers, of Captain Key's cavalry company, was scouting on this road and its branches from the 8th to the 12th, when he was ordered into West Union. He speaks of this road and the Horse Shoe route as one, and states that he reported to Col. Irvine on the afternoon of the 13th that the enemy were retreating along these routes. About sun-down a man came in from Rinehard's school-house, and stated that the Rebels would pass there that night, and suggested a scout, to which Col. Irvine replied that "there were other points of more importance." What Col. Irvine's information or theory was, there is nothing to show. His reports state that he was not aware of the farther "Horse Shoe Run" road from Corrick's ford to Red House, until about midnight of the 12th-13th. Both himself and Col. Dupuy reconnoitred to the east and southeast on the 12th, without discovering that route, a fact so fortunate for the enemy and so disastrous to us. He dispatched scouts to the Horse Shoe Run road, and ascertained that the fugitives had already passed, at 6:12 P. M. What point on the road they then were we have no means of knowing, but it was probably to the southeast of West Union, ten or twelve miles from Red House.

The Federal troops numbered about 1,800, and the Confederates about *2,500, some cavalry and a battery of three or five guns. Some stragglers were picked up, who had fallen out of the column through exhaustion. Under the circumstances pursuit was useless, and the Union force was without teams and without rations. The Baltimore and Ohio railroad, to the east of Oakland, was cut, and with it the telegraph wires. With the greatest exertion it required all that day and the most

*By Gen. Garnett's returns, dated July 8, 1861, he had at Laurel Hill 3,351 men, at Rich Mountain 889, and at Beverly 378; aggregate present, 4,618.

of the next to concentrate the command, numbering 2,400 or 2,500 men, on the pike, and to supply it with rations. Nothing possible was omitted to push the chase, but the movement had no chances in its favor, and was soon recalled by Gen. McClellan. The main question recurs: was there ground for military censure, and, if so, to whom does it apply? The pursuit from Laurel Hill to Cheat river was unrelenting, and if that stream had been high would have been successful. Beyond the river it was impossible to continue it in the condition of the troops, the roads and the weather. The condition of the enemy was desperate, and the position of our troops on the turnpike was such as to quench in them all reasonable hopes. To suppose that their presence and condition were unknown to the Union troops would be to presume upon fate. Probably they expected an attack every mile of the way to Red House, and had determined, in that event, to scatter towards the mountains.

I have endeavored to present the material facts of the situation, which bear on the charges of neglect of duty. Gen. Hill might have surmised a battle and a retreat across the Cheat river, but should he be censured for not knowing these facts prior to the receipt of the dispatch at noon of the 13th? Before that date he could not determine on what point to concentrate his command, which at that time was very much scattered. Gen. McClellan had required the line of the railroad to be guarded from Oakland to Parkersburg—over one hundred miles—and had also required him to provide for a retreat. The theory was that, in case of a defeat on our part, there would be at once a dash for the railroad by the Confederates, at some point west of Grafton. Gen. Hill and Col. Irvine, who held the responsible place at the front, were both of this opinion. After the retreat was known, they had good reasons to conclude that the entire Rebel force was across (viz. east of) the Cheat river. Although the facts, as now developed, show that during the 13th and 14th, one regiment could have captured and dispersed the remnant of this army, these facts were not then known. Was it culpable negligence that the "Horse-Shoe Run" road had not been discovered? Viewed under the later experience of the war, this

would probably be answered in the affirmative. It was certainly within the possibilities of the case that between the 8th and 13th a more extended reconnoissance should have been made to the east and south, extending to the foot of the mountains. But Col. Irvine does not appear to have regarded this as the important point. His judgment was at fault in this respect, or turned in the wrong direction; but was that culpable neglect? Having determined, on the receipt of the latest dispatch or perhaps before, to move to Red House, why that movement was not executed with more rapidity is nowhere explained.

When Maj. Walcut reached Chisholm's mills, at 4 A. M. of the 14th, the Rebels were at Red House, four miles east, and Col. Irvine was then on the turnpike, west of the mill. At that hour the escape was complete. It can easily be accounted for by a series of events which favored the Confederates: First, the delay of the first telegram from McClellan to Hill; second, the late hour of the receipt of the second dispatch relating to Corrick's ford; third, the belief, up to that moment, that the line of retreat would be north instead of east; fourth, incomplete information as to the roads from Cheat river to the turnpike. If a court of inquiry had been convened, as Gen. Hill demanded, it is now plain that it would have refrained from positive censure. If Gen. McClellan should now go over the facts of the case, unaffected by the disappointment of the moment, he would doubtless come to the same conclusion.

With all the information given by the official reports on both sides, it is even yet doubtful to whom belongs the credit of conducting the march after the death of Gen. Garnett. About 2 o'clock P. M. of the 14th, the main body was four miles below Corrick's ford. Col. Ramsey of the First Georgia regiment was the ranking officer, from whom there is no report. Col. Taliaferro of the 23d Virginia, in command of the rear guard, in his report intimates that he had very little to do with the retreat. Gen. Jackson's report, made at Monterey, does not speak in flattering terms of the First Georgia, or its commander. Gen. Garnett's ranking aide was Col. Stokes, from whom no report has yet appeared.

The command turned eastward up the valley of Horse Shoe run, a few miles south of St. George, and labored onward over an execrable road during the night unmolested to Red House. It rested half an hour between 4 and 5 A. M. of the 15th, when it was aroused and struggled onward along the northwestern turnpike. The Federal troops were at length on the alert, but from four to five miles in the rear. That night the Confederates reached Greenland in Virginia, beyond the Alleghany mountains, where they had the first night's rest since leaving Laurel Hill on the night of the 11th–12th. Thence they headed southward up the valley of one of the branches of the Potomac, through Petersburg and Franklin to the Staunton turnpike at Monterey, having been on the march for seven days. From Beverly by the pike to Monterey, over Cheat mountain, is sixty or sixty-five miles. By the circuitous route, northeast to St. George, thence easterly to Red House and Greenland, and southerly to their rendezvous, is not far from one hundred and fifty miles, through a rough country where supplies were not to be had. There are no roads or gaps in the solid wall of the uninhabitable Alleghany mountains for a distance of fifty miles, through which they could have escaped, and nothing on which they could subsist. If there was no acknowledged leader, the success of this retreat by militia, without experience in war, is still more to the credit of the men in the ranks.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE KANAWHA, JULY AND AUGUST, 1861.

A DIVISION under Gen. Cox was sent into the valley of the Great Kanawha, early in July, to check the Rebel forces under Henry A. Wise. It was intended by Gen. McClellan, as an important demonstration, composed principally of Ohio troops. A turnpike extended from Charleston up the river, on the east side passing the salt works to the mouth of Gauley river, and crossing this stream upon a high bridge, it bore away over the mountains southeasterly to the Virginia and East Tennessee railroad. The Rebel forces acting against us, from Huttonsville through Beverly towards Philippi, were in communication with Gen. Wise, who held a detached command. If Pegram and Garnett should succeed in overcoming the Union forces, and getting through the Cheat River mountains, they would cut the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and probably reach the forks of the Ohio. Gen. Wise had already sent guerilla parties to the Ohio river. He thus held the valley as low down as Pocatoligo creek. General Garnett and Col. Pegram were disposed of at Rich Mountain. I found Gen. Cox at Pocatoligo on the 15th of July. His force was about 3200 infantry, one company cavalry, and Captain Cotters' battery of six rifled pieces. Col. Woodruff's Kentucky regiment (I think the second) had entered the State near the mouth of the Guyandotte, and passing through Barboursville, had come overland to the Kanawha. A spirited and very creditable affair occurred at Barboursville, where the Kentucky troops charged across a bridge, and scattered the Rebel guerillas. While Gen. Cox lay at Red House, a day's march below Pocatoligo, the Twenty-first Ohio, under Col. Norton, had been sent up the river to Scarey's run. Col. Norton, finding there were intrenchments and artillery, of

which he had none, did not consider the attack feasible. The Kanawha river is usually navigable to Charleston, and in high water to the falls below Gauley bridge.

When the water is low, small boats are able to work over the ripples by the help of capstans. The State of Virginia had made artificial channels at some of the rapids. There is scarcely any stage of the river, that small steamers cannot reach Charleston, moving by daylight and working through the channels. From Buffalo and Red House, or Wingfield, high bluffs came down on one side or the other, near to the river, completely commanding it. The roads along the banks were rough. If a determined use had been made of the men opposed to us, these defiles would each one of them require a battle. The advantages of position from Buffalo to Gauley gave Gen. Wise a material strength four times our own. He had recently been on a raid to Ripley with 1,400 men, but withdrew to Charleston as Cox moved up the river. By the report of our spies he had 2,825 men. They were independent militia or volunteer companies, whose name and number we obtained in detail. Among them were the Richmond Blues, Captain Wise, the New River Tigers, the Border Rifles, Kanawha Rifles and Shaw's Sharpshooters. Our most reliable spy was in person a typical Englishman, but wholly American in blood. He appeared in Charleston in a carriage, travelling in state as a foreigner, thoroughly hating the Yankees. His room at the hotel was next to that of Gen. Wise, whose confidence he acquired. He made violent speeches to the troops. The official reports to the adjutant-general were shown him, and he returned in his carriage toward the mountains.

The recently published report of Gen. Wise for July 8, 1861, showed an aggregate of 2708. His official letters denounce the inhabitants and the militia. He says "the Kanawha valley is rebellious," and that "300 or 500 of the State troops have deserted. When true they are worthy, but I cannot tell who is true." Their shoes were torn off their feet, and the clothes from their backs. He had neither artillery nor ammunition.

A patriotic Union man joined us at Parkersburg, having been driven from his home by Wise's men who threatened to hang

him. For a week he had been "refugeing" in the woods and glens of West Virginia, with his neighbors on the hunt for him. At Pocatoligo he was joined by a neighbor equally ready for any enterprise against these freebooters. I would like to name these men, because among the professed Unionists of West Virginia, very few at that time were ready to defend themselves or assist us in doing it. These two were always present, gun in hand, whenever an advance was made or an expedition started. On the 16th Gen. Cox determined to make another attempt on Scarey's run. Our camp was in a cornfield on the east side of the river, just below the mouth of Pocatoligo, which the inhabitants call "Pokey." Scarey's run is on the western shore, four miles above. The road along the west bank being very rough, another one was selected through the hills, making the distance about six miles. Gen. Wise had destroyed the bridge across Pocatoligo, but the water was low enough for a ford though a difficult one.

Col. Norton and Major Hinds were the only officers who had reconnoitred Scarey's run. Gen. Cox intended to go with the expedition, but on the morning of the 17th concluded to place it in the hands of Col. Lowe, of the 12th Ohio. Having conversed with Col. Norton on the character of the ground, I was solicitious that his regiment should accompany us, and on the evening of the 16th supposed it would do so. When the movement commenced I perceived that the 21st was not in it, but only the 12th and a portion of Cotter's battery. Col. Norton was anxious to go, and at my request was allowed to do so, but with only two companies of his command. Captain Gibb's chief commissary, Lieutenant Rosa, his adjutant and myself crossed the river with Col. Norton's battalion as amateurs without commands. It was near eleven o'clock A. M., before the 12th regiment, Col. Lowe, overtook us. I asked him if he would be followed by a reserve, to which he replied he so understood it.

Col. Norton's command deployed under Major Hinds as skirmishers and the command advanced. It was necessary to move cautiously, since most of the country was covered with growing timber. In the few cabins along the road were

women and children begging for protection. Their natural protectors were in the enemy's works at points further up the river. It was three o'clock P. M., when the skirmishers emerged into open fields, receiving the fire of the Rebel pickets. Major Hinds rode back exclaiming "we have flushed the infernal scoundrels." Our troops closed up and pressed on along the road, to a small church within cannon range. Their two pieces were iron six pounders, which opened upon us with round shot and afterwards with grape; but their shots were wild, striking the ground far in our rear. Our line was formed on the left of the road towards the river, near the north bank of Scarey's run, partly protected by a rise of ground, by a fence, a field of corn and some houses on a level with the enemy's guns. While this was being done, a detachment of Captain Gray's company of cavalry, in command of a lieutenant, rode forward to the houses, supposing they were occupied by the Rebel pickets. Seeing this the enemy discharged their guns with grape, killing one of the mounted men. Captain Cotter's section of rifled sixes returned their fire from a point near the church in front of our right. He did it so effectively that in twenty minutes both their guns were silenced. Col. Norton and Major White, chafing under what they considered a slight by Gen. Cox, filed away to the left with their battalion down the bluff towards the river, and thence along the bank, to charge the buildings on the river bank from which the Rebels were firing on us.

To aid this charge, Captain Cotter moved his pieces from the right to the left of the line, and gave those buildings a few shots. Col. Norton and his men reached them about the same time, driving the Rebel troops out and across the bridge over Scarey's run. As they hastened along the road enveloped in dust, a coatless boy of about 16 years, carrying a gun, fell behind. One of our two Union marksmen took sight upon his back where the suspenders cross. The boy fell immediately and was left in the road.

A few days afterwards, as we were entering Charleston, the same sharpshooter stopped at a house for a drink of water. He heard the owner of the premises describe this boy as his son, whom the Yankees had murdered. A severe fire was kept up

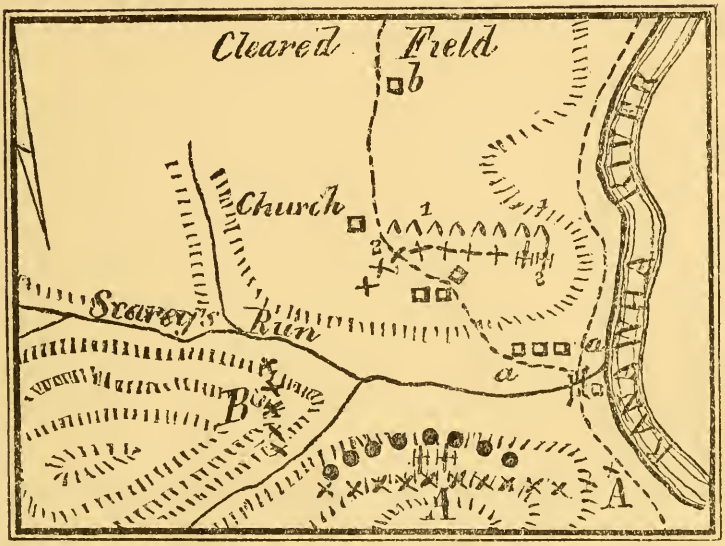
on our position from the rifle pits, at a distance of about 250 yards. Col. Norton held the buildings at the bridge until 4:30 P. M., when a heavy reinforcement was seen coming from the enemy's camp at Coal Mouth. They had with them an iron ten-pounder. Major Hinds desired the commander to give him three or four companies for a flank movement to our right, across the run, up a mountain commanding the rifle pits. Col. Lowe gave the order to two of his captains on our right, one of whom I found with part of his men behind a corn crib, and he refused to go. Major Hinds started down the bluff with less than three companies, when the party from Coal Mouth threw themselves upon Col. Norton and Major White, who found it necessary to abandon the buildings. Their safest and best route of escape was up the creek, close under the south bluffs across our front. On that side the bank is so steep that the men in the rifle pits could not reach them effectively. Here Col. Norton was severely wounded and disabled.

The Rebel reinforcements were about equal to their original force, which I estimated at 350 to 400. On the supposition that we also should receive reinforcements, Captain Gibbs, thinking he saw the smoke of boats coming up the river, went down the bank to meet them. Matters were going on so well, that we felt sure of success as soon as Major Hinds should reach his position on the hill. Col. Norton's command rejoined us, leaving him in the hands of the enemy, because he could not be moved. While Major Hinds was crowding down the mountain, completely commanding every part of the Rebel line, a part of our men ceased firing. Their cartridges were exhausted. It then appeared that only twenty (20) rounds per man had been issued, and eighty rounds for the field pieces. Captain Cotter had only three shots left. The men began to show signs of giving way. We encouraged them to hold out, as we should soon have aid from the camp. In fifteen minutes more the enemy must have been driven out by Hinds. I went to the bluff near the river but could see no boats. When I returned a retreat had commenced, attended by general confusion. It was now 5:30 o'clock, the firing having lasted one hour and fifty minutes. The men were greatly exhausted under a hot sun without water.

FIELD OF SCAREY'S RUN, WEST VIRGINIA.

Affair of July 17, 1861.

Scale 200 yards to the inch.



A A.—Rebel line of infantry, two guns and rifle pits.

1 1.—Col. Lowe's first position with the guns.

2 2.—Col. Lowe's second position with the guns.

a a.—Houses, mill and bridge captured by Col. Norton.

b.—Barn where the Rebel pickets were met.

B.—Major Hinds' position.

The Rebels did not follow. Major Hinds continued his fire from the woods, on the mountain until our line was entirely gone.

Their iron ten-pounder did us very little harm, as it remained at the mouth of the run firing round shot, which went over our heads. Lieut.-Col. Tompkins, who commanded the Rebel camp at the mouth of Coal river, was not present. Captain (or Major) Patten was their ranking officer. He was badly wounded in the arm and taken to the same house with Col. Norton. Captain Jenkins was riding madly about, exposing himself in the most reckless manner. No effort was made by them to disturb Major Hinds, who withdrew and joined us in the woods.

There were on our side nine killed and twelve wounded. To bring away our injured men we had only one wagon, into which they were hastily piled and hurried to the rear. Surgeon Trotter, of one of the Kentucky regiments, exerted himself nobly for these suffering men. No water could be had to cleanse them of dirt and blood. The teamsters would have left many of them on the field, had not Dr. Trotter and Major Hinds made the utmost exertions in their behalf. I found Captain Sloane, of Gallipolis, under some trees at the extreme right of our last position, apparently expiring. A bullet struck him at the pit of the stomach, which appeared to go directly into his body. The men who were carrying him, supposing him to be dead, had laid him down. They were ordered to take him to the church, where the surgeon was receiving the wounded. I heard no more of Captain Sloane, supposing he was dead, until three weeks afterwards, when he reported for duty. The bullet did not strike him direct, but obliquely, and, passing around outside the ribs, did not enter the vital parts. Captain Allen, of the Twenty-first, was mortally wounded near the mouth of the creek. As it was reported that Col. Norton was being brought up the hill, his horse, fully caparisoned, was left there and fell into the enemy's hands. Col. Norton was entirely helpless, but was well treated and sent to our lines on parole. Gen. Wise came down from Charleston the same evening, and first heard from him the results of the battles at Laurel Hill and Rich Mountain. He perceived that this news materially affected his stay in the Kanawha valley.

Before the sun went down the Rebels had reoccupied the buildings and set fire to them, under the belief that we would renew the attack early the next morning. Our disorganized command hurried on, tired, thirsty and exhausted, as though they expected a charge on their rear every moment. Until it began to grow dark we expected to meet reinforcements with ammunition. About that time I left the troops, and, hurrying on, met the remainder of Col. Norton's regiment about two miles from camp, in command of Lieut.-Col. Niblack. It was evident nothing could be done without more ammunition. A party, consisting of two colonels, a major and two captains, were on a tour of observation up the river on the east side of the battle ground; as they claim, under orders. Seeing the buildings on fire they supposed our side the victors. They crossed in a canoe to the west side, where one of the colonels, seeing a group of men near the burning buildings, began to compliment them on their victory. The Rebels very soon convinced them of their mistake, by taking the entire party into custody as prisoners. They were hurried over the mountains to Richmond.

The following is a Confederate soldier's account of the engagement:

July the 23rd 1861.
kanawha Co Charleston Va

Dear sister there was A Severe batel took place down below Coals mouth on the Seven. tenth of this month at which ther were 3. killed and 9. wounded two of which has since died one was James Welch A lieutenant of the artilery company he was brought up to Charleston and we had the honor of the burial according to the honors of war. the north they lost it is said 260 killed and it is not known how many wounded they retreated and since that they have been reinforct and it is expected that there will be another batel before many days the force was from two thousand to twenty five hundred our men took five of their officers, one of them was one of their Colonel's one of the officers states that he thot that god was reigning bullets from heaven as he couldent see were else they come from we had A bout had them Whipt when the rest got there.

Gen. McClellan was very much dissatisfied with the result at Scarey's run, and the inactivity afterwards, doing great injustice to Gen. Cox. We certainly had men enough to have taken that place, Coal Mouth and Charleston, by operating on the west side of the river, but there was not ammunition enough for even a short campaign. Without his determination to withdraw, Gen. Wise could have been gradually pushed beyond

Sewell mountain, unless he had been reinforced. It would have required much fighting by detachments and many flanking parties, all of which was saved by his retreat.

Our outposts, three miles up the river, nearly opposite Scarey's run, were threatened on the 18th, and their picket guard at a tobacco barn about a mile further on, was driven in.

In Gen. Wise's report to Richmond of the affair at Scarey's run, he refers to an expedition of the next day under Col. McCausland, in two parties of 150 and 650 men each, who drove us into our intrenchments at Pocatoligo. Pocatoligo was not intrenched, nor did McCausland's command come within sight of our camp. The general says the Richmond Blues, being with McCausland (commanded by his son, Captain Wise), were ordered to "put the cold steel of their bayonets into their (the Yankees) teeth."

On the 24th of July Gen. Cox moved on Charleston. A little past noon the command halted at a cross-road to communicate with the boats. The water on the rapids was too low to allow them to pass. About 3 P. M. we reached Tyler's creek and mountain. Here a slight bridge was burning but caused us no delay. Around the end of the mountain, to the left, on the Charleston side, between the bluffs and the river, an infantry breastwork had been built, which was hastily abandoned. Still hoping for the boats to arrive, a halt was made here. It was faint twilight when a steamer was seen slowly advancing up a long reach in the river, which our guns covered. The atmosphere was perfectly still, her flag hung at the staff, not a fold unfurled, and in the increasing darkness it was difficult to decide what she was. Captain Cotter trained his battery on her fire boxes, but the general impression was that she belonged to our fleet. Our pickets were ranged along the shore, nearly opposite the boat, which showed signs of hesitation. On the other shore, partially concealed, were troops, who shouted, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis." Our pickets responded with the same, which seemed to satisfy those on the boat, which was then within rifle range of our batteries. A large man, not in uniform, on a white horse, rode through a corn-field nearly to the river, and examined us a few moments. He wheeled

suddenly, the steamboat reversed her engines and backed down stream. Instantly Captain Cotter's guns opened on her, but she made fast to the other bank, where a number of men and horses jumped ashore. They set up a shout and disappeared in the darkness. This yell of defiance drew upon them a number of shots at random screaming over their heads, which probably did them no harm. Their response, coming to us through the heavy night air, was "Hurrah for Georgia," and more tantalizing than before. They were the last of the camp at Coal Mouth, now St. Albans Station, on the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad. The boat was on fire in several places, fitfully illuminating the shores and trees, but was soon consumed. If our boats had got up, or had there been any means of crossing the river, we could have been in Charleston that night. In the morning we had not advanced far when a deputation of municipal officers and citizens came to surrender the town.

Gen. Wise and the troops on the river had left at 10 the evening before, and marched twelve miles, when they halted for breakfast. At Two Mile creek was a rude cantonment for about five hundred men. As the suspension bridge over the Elk river, into Charleston, was nearly demolished, it was nearly noon before our troops got over, some in boats and others by the bridge. The march was continued about fifteen miles that afternoon. At Malden, a city of salt boilers, we were received with the most vociferous demonstrations.

Gen. Wise, in his report from near Louisburg, August 1st, says:

> My situation in the Kanawha Valley was critical in the extreme. After the Scarey run affair the enemy fell back and were strongly reinforced. They increased to five thousand. * * * I found they were collecting fifteen thousand men at Weston, moving to Summerville, at the same time moving up the Kanawha, and gunning me at any point I might occupy. * * * In thirty minutes after we fell back from Tyler's mountain they took possession and nearly succeeded in cutting off seven hundred of Col. Tompkin's command at Coal. They escaped and burned the steamer on which they were moving up the river.

If he had not been in so great haste to escape, the cliffs overhanging our route from Charleston, to the mouth of Gauley enabled him to obstruct our march every day, and nearly every mile. In the matter of hinderance they made each of his men equal to ten of ours. We might have been de-

tained two weeks, but no material obstruction was offered, and we reached the mouth of Gauley on the 27th. The long covered bridge on which the turnpike to the valley of Green Brier crossed the Gauley, was not entirely consumed. On it the enemy had left a large number of old regulation muskets, made in 1802, which the State of Virginia had preserved for emergencies like this. The bayonets were about two feet in length. There were also accoutrements and supplies burned with the bridge.

Not long after reaching Gauley, Gen. Cox and staff made a call at a fine plantation about half way from that place to Hawks Nest. It appeared to be abandoned, but the lady of the house made her appearance in a genteel costume, agreeable and attractive in manner, who had an excellent lunch brought out for us. From her conversation we learned that the man on the white horse across the river at Tyler's mountain, was her husband, Col. Tompkins. She besought Gen. Cox not to hurt him, if they should meet again. He was a West Point graduate, who, like nearly all those from Virginia, proved traitors to their flag and country. One of his guerilla squads, while the firing was going on at Scarey's run, scouted along the road from Coal Mouth west to the waters of the Guyandotte, stripping the inhabitants of everything to which they took a fancy, shooting or capturing such as they suspected of Union sentiments. Gen. Wise was followed by us no farther than Sewell mountain. A large part of Floyd's brigade were in the neighborhood of Gauley river at Twenty-mile creek, and at Carnifex ferry, about forty miles east of the mouth. The 7th and 13th Ohio were sent there, but were soon overpowered at Cross Lanes. On the 26th of August Gen. Rosecrans, coming up from Weston, met and fought Floyd on the 10th day of September.

A gentleman from Kentucky had an establishment for distilling coal tar from cannel coal on Elk river, a few miles east of Charleston. While we were scrutinizing the boat with the rear guard of Col. Tompkin's regiment, this gentleman was undergoing an examination at Gen. Wise's headquarters. Said he: "I can stand a Yankee abolitionist with his hands under his coat-tails; but, by God, I can't stand a Kentucky abo-

litionist, and you ought to be hung. But I will for the present send you to Richmond."

At this point the report of Captain Cotter's guns playing upon the steamer, reached the general's ears and interrupted his remarks. "What is that firing?" When told it was the Yankees, he replied: "I can't attend to you any longer; get ready my carriage and keep it at the door." In the confusion of the evening the Kentucky abolitionist escaped, and came to our lines. To our men the most disagreeable part of their duty was the execution of Gen. McClellan's order, to protect private property. In the cellar of a rich widow lady, who owned a large farm on the bottom land of the Kanawha, were several hogsheads of sugar, left by Gen. Wise in payment for supplies. Over this a guard was placed. Though the inhabitants were not ready to do much for the Rebel cause, they would do less for ours. At Gauley a roughlooking crowd came over from Paint Creek for an interview with Gen. Cox. They asked for protection and provisions. When called upon to enlist, not one of them came forward.

Later in the season our troops occupied Fayette and Raleigh counties west of the New river, as far as Flat Top mountains.

CHAPTER III.

CAPTURE OF DONELSON.

THERE has been much and very spirited discussion in regard to the origin of the movement up the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers in February, 1862. Connected with this route there was so many advantages, that it might have occurred to any military man who reflected upon the situation.

General Sherman, in his "Military Memoirs," refers to a meeting in St. Louis at Gen. Halleck's headquarters, about midwinter of 1861-62, when Gen. Cullum was present, as though the plan originated there. The records show that sometime in November Gen. Buell suggested to Gen. McClellan a movement to turn Bowling Green by the west, between it and the Cumberland, the supplies to be taken up that river in boats.

On the files of the War Department and in volume five of the official war reports of both armies, now being published by Government, will be found a letter of mine of November 20, 1862, which was received and placed on file the next day at St. Louis. It suggested a movement by land between the Cumberland and the Tennessee, the flanks to be covered by gunboats, and the supplies to be carried on transports.

In December, 1861, Gen. Grant, without consultation with his superiors, quietly made preparations for a march on Fort Henry or Fort Donelson. On the 31st of December President Lincoln became annoyed at the inactivity of our armies, and telegraphed to Buell and Halleck to know if they were co-operating. Both of them replied that they were not acting in concert. They then began to get acquainted, but Halleck says there were only troops enough to *threaten* Columbus Kentucky; and when on the 3d of January, Gen. Buell presses for a movement the answer was, that "it was madness to move

on Columbus." On the 6th of January Gen. Grant wished to discuss the movement which he afterwards made, and could not get a hearing. At headquarters sixty thousand men were required for that plan. Early in February the President peremptorily directed all the armies to move before the 22d of that month. Grant was in readiness. Fort Henry was captured on the 6th, and with not more than twenty thousand men he invested Fort Donelson on the 12th. The conception of the plan did not certainly originate with a group of officers at St. Louis, as late as "midwinter." It was steadily hindered there until after the President's order.

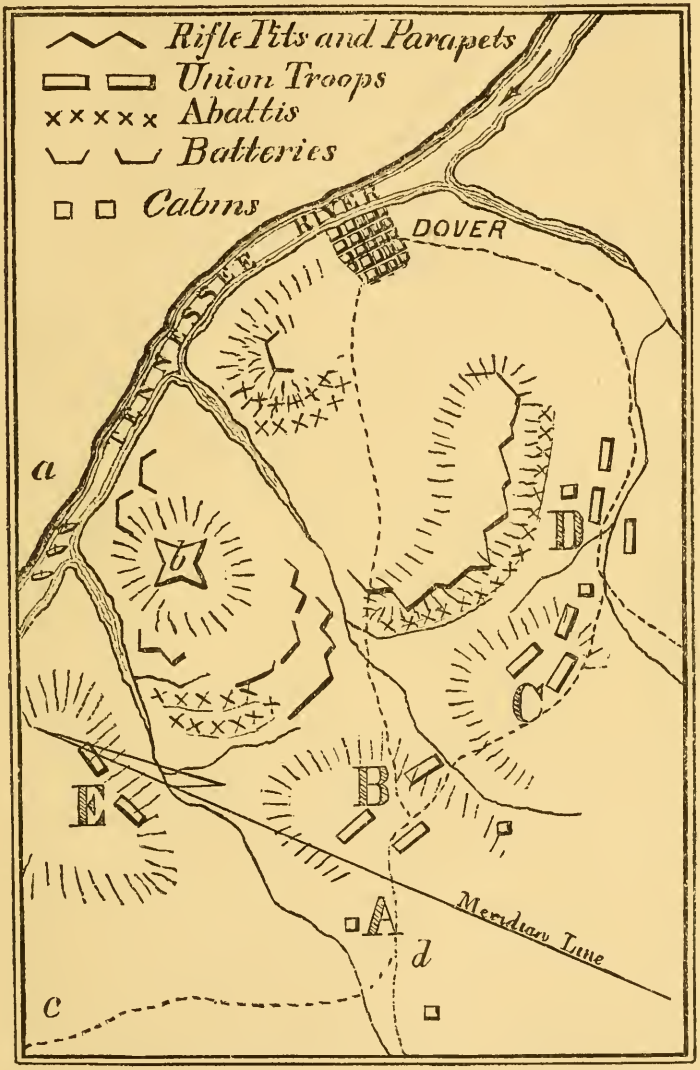
Our transports reached Paducah on the afternoon of the 13th, a balmy and spring-like day. Twenty-four hours before, Gen. Lew Wallace's division had come out of the Tennessee river, under orders to go up the Cumberland. We were directed to follow. At sundown our boats, heading into the Cumberland at Smithland, encountered a rushing flood. Loaded to the guards with men, horses, tents, wagons, munitions and supplies, they labored slowly against the current. It became more and more formidable as we advanced, until the engines were scarcely able to overcome the rapid flowing waters. The hurricane deck and the smoke stack were often whipped by branches of overhanging trees.

At dawn of St. Valentine's day we were at Eddyville, a distance of only forty-five miles by river. A heavy fall of rain followed the gentle weather of Thursday, which changed to a furious snow storm during the night. The muddy waters spread over the low grounds, surrounding most of the cabins which stood in small clearings on the higher ground. Most of them were deserted. The negroes and farm stock were huddled together on the dry land about the premises. The colored people shouted, danced and waved their handkerchiefs in a most extravagant manner. Occasionally a thinly clad, shivering, half-starved white refugee came furtively through the bushes to the water's edge, begging piteously to be taken on board. When the yawls were sent for them they were received by our men in a decidedly brotherly way. As soon as hot coffee and rations had revived their spirits and their confidence, they

SKETCH OF THE FIELD.

This plan is from a hasty sketch by myself, corrected by Col. Webster of General Grant's staff, also by Col. Hanson and Major Shoop of the Confederate service.

Scale 1 mile to the inch.



a.—Position of the Gun Boats, Feb. 14.
b.—Fort Donelson.
c.—Road to the Transports, 4 miles.
d.—Road to Fort Henry, 12 miles.
▭—Farm houses used as Hospitals.

A.—General Grant's headquarters.
B.—General Smith's Division.
C.—General Wallace's Division.
D.—General McClernand's Division.
E.—Col. Steadman's position.

invariably began the recital of their persecutions. Some of them had been in the woods a fortnight. These recitals would at the present time excite the sympathy of the men who hunted them through the woods, as their ancestors had hunted savages. To our men the details of their sufferings, on account of their adhesion to the Government, appeared at first incredible, but it soon aroused a spirit of retaliation. A "butternut," who was recognized by one of the refugees, rode along the bank of the river apparently on a tour of observation. Having finished his scout, he began to insult the Union troops. More than one musket on the lower deck covered him in an instant, and, as he wheeled his horse for a rapid flight, three shots followed, and his horse ran off without a rider.

About 3 P. M. we could distinguish faintly the boom of Commodore Foot's guns. When we reached the landing, three miles below Fort Donelson, the sun was low in the west. The mortar boats were throwing shells from behind a bend in the river, over a wooded hill, into the enemy's camp. Just above the mortars two of the gunboats were floating slowly down stream in a disabled condition. Two others were replying to Fort Donelson and the water batteries. All the iron clads dropped down to the position of the transports as soon as the disabled ones were out of range.

Fort Donelson was a regular fortress, occupying the undulating surface of a hill, having four bastions, with an artillery parapet and embrasures. The ditch was not impassable, but there was an infantry banquette, the interior slope neatly reveted with native cane from swamps across the Cumberland.

There were comfortable cabins of pine logs, arranged in streets, capable of sheltering about two thousand men. The work was constructed by Gen. Tilghman. Only a few shots from the rifled guns of Commodore Foot hit the walls, but those which did went easily through, making a breach wide enough for a file of men to march in. The force of his heavy missiles was so little checked by the parapet that they went on over the Confederate lines into our camps.

The Emma Graham crowded herself between the transports far enough to allow our horses to get ashore. Following the

trail of Wallace's division, Adjutant Owens and myself rode forward in a search of the headquarters. Our animals were in good plight, delighted to be once more on land, and spurning mud and snow bore us rapidly along over a horrible route. Twilight was settling into the valleys when we brought up at a comfortable house on the south bank of a rivulet, represented on the map as "Grant's headquarter's." It was built of hewed logs two stories high, with a garden and orchard attached. The fences had disappeared, with the exception of some posts that enclosed a garden.

As no one was to be seen we hitched to a peach tree, and going in found only an orderly. A fire was blazing on the ample hearth of a stone chimney, which constitutes the most striking feature of a Southern home. About dark a group of officers rode up and entered the house.

In the fall of 1861, while encamped on the lines back of Covington, an old gentleman, in feeble health, frequently rode along the roads attended by his two daughters. One of them performed the part of driver to a plain and easy carriage, moving always at a slow pace. The young ladies were interesting, and took a personal interest in our sick soldiers. It was not long before the old gentleman made mention of a son, who was then in the army, of whom he appeared to be very hopeful and whom he called Ulysses. The name of my aged friend was Jesse R. Grant. There were very few pleasant days when we did not see the old carriage, the old gentleman, and one or both of the daughters.

When my regiment was sent to Paducah a number of messages were sent to Ulysses by the family. The smallest and least noticeable officer sat down to a coarse table and dictated an order, by the light of a tallow dip. Not having before seen Gen. Grant, I enquired for the commanding officer, and was introduced to the quiet man at the table. My orders were to remain in the boat till morning, and then join Gen. McClernand on the extreme right. I delivered the messages from his father and sisters, which were received without remarks. I was directed to inform Commodore Foote, of whose failure there was then no certain advices, that his eleven-inch shells passed

over the enemy's works, and exploded in our camp, which he said was disagreeable.

I ascertained that the day had been spent on our part in getting the troops into position. McClernand occupied the extreme right, Wallace the centre and C. F. Smith the left. Gen. Smith's headquarters were not far from the cabin, under a thick-topped oak, at the foot of which was a fire and a wooden settee. Commodore Foot had expected to drive the enemy from Fort Donelson, as he had at Fort Henry. His plan was feasible, for he had only to pass the water batteries and thus take three-fourths of the fort in reverse. I learned afterwards from Captain Ross, of the Confederate service, who commanded their middle batteries, the cause of the commodore's failure.

They had judiciously placed in it their heaviest gun, an one hundred and twenty-pounder rifle. Captain Ross, instead of loading her shells with powder, filled the cavity with lead. Our iron clads were then plated with two and one-half inch (2½ inch) metal only, and these missiles, fired at four hundred yards, from ground elevated thirty feet above the water, went through the boats from stem to stern. The Rebel gunners, after discharging their piece, could hear the crashing of timbers and machinery in the commodore's fleet. These heavy shot fulfilled their mission. Without this gun probably one-half the vessels could have run the fire of the smaller pieces, which were most of them thirty-pound parrots. If the commodore could have run six hundred yards further with only one boat, the fort would have been untenable. The engagement turned on his being unable to place himself abreast the water batteries. His own shot tore large gaps in their parapets, but this had no result. In the water batteries no one was killed.

Soon after daylight on Friday, the Twentieth Ohio regiment, having formed in the snow and mud, started for its position on the lines. As the sun rose we met Gen. Grant and one aide, crashing through the bushes by the side of the column on a visit to Commodore Foot, who was wounded. McClernand, seven miles away, had been attacked half an hour before, but no sound of the conflict reached us. Gen. Grant did not then know of it. While the regiment was wading along

this execrable route, over which ten thousand men and their trains had waded the day before, I had an opportunity to examine the topography of the country. The crest of a ridge, which comes down to the river above the landing, is about eight hundred yards from the fort, and a little higher. Between this crest and Donelson is a valley and a brook, into which the high water of the river set back half a mile. There were two Ohio regiments in the woods on this ridge, one of them commanded by Col. William Steadman. They could do nothing but observe, although the Rebel works were plainly under their eyes. Fort Donelson stands on the crest of a corresponding ridge higher up the river across the valley, atan elevation of about one hundred feet above high water. The course of the river under the fort is about west, but it makes an abrupt angle to the north between it and our landing. Above is another cross valley, and another rivulet with deep water, running into the Cumberland from the south. On the east bluff of this valley, near the village of Dover, was a parapet for eight (8) guns, not mounted, looking down the river. Just above Dover is another creek with back-water, and above this is a large piece of bottom land in cultivation. It is the same across the river on the north, or right bank, the low land extending several miles down the river, rising not much above high water mark. The river was then twenty-five feet deep in the channel. Fort Donelson was an enclosed earth-work, with embrasures for twenty guns; the ditches and parapets proof against an assault. The revetments were of wild cane, cut in the swamps across the Cumberland river, all neatly done under the direction of Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, a graduate of West Point. Outside of the fort and the village of Dover, about a mile and a half from the river, was a line of rifle pits, which had been partly finished, facing nearly south. It commenced at the head of the most westerly bayou; thence crossed the second ridge and second valley; thence over the third ridge, which was more broken than the others, to the third creek and bayou above Dover. There are lateral ravines leading into all the valleys, nearly at right angles, in which the timber had been

slashed to form abattis. The valleys are from fifty to one hundred feet deep.

This line was of great natural strength, which, in a short time, could have been made too strong for a successful assault. It was about three miles in length. Our lines were nearly parallel about a mile outside, leading over the ridges and along the opposite crests of the lateral ravines, most of the way in the thick woods, with neither intrenchments or abattis. Back from the river at this distance the country is cut up with gullies of slippery clay resting on limestone. The first growth of timber had been largely cut away, but the second growth of small trees had become quite dense. A labyrinth of neglected roads intersected the country in all directions. No rifle pits or parapets had been thrown up on our side, but some of the guns were sunk into the earth, the dirt thrown up in front. There were inside the Rebel works about seventeen thousand men and seventy guns of all calibres.

Before Gen. Wallace arrived, the number of Grant's command was about twenty thousand. On the morning of Saturday it was about thirty-one thousand. On our extreme right at Dover, where there was an open space at the upper bayou and a road, lay McClernand, at the foot of their fortified heights. His lines crossed the upper valley, their only route of escape by land. By the mere accident of precedence and rank, Gen. Floyd, the most worthless officer in the Confederate camp, had command of their forces. Next in rank was their next most worthless officer, Gen. Pillow. Next to them were Buckner and Bushrod Johnson, both of them educated and practiced military men. Tilghman had been captured at Fort Henry a week before. When we reached headquarters only an orderly was there and a few staff horses. Marching on a short distance I found Gen. C. F. Smith, whom I had not seen for thirty years, and whose hair was already gray, resting on a wooden settee under the shelter of an oak, around which was snow. We here had unmistakable evidence that a battle was being fought at our right. Ambulances with the wounded were moving to the rear in search of shelter. The number of cabins and even of tents were few, not enough to receive a tenth part

of the disabled men. Gen. Smith sent his only aide, to show us the route. By this time McClernand had been defeated, and no one knew where McArthur's brigade, to which I was attached, could be found.

Marching along a crooked old path, through an almost impassable thicket, we stumbled upon Gen. Lew Wallace, who ordered me to join his command. The roads were clogged by broken regiments and companies, most of the men gathered in knots ready to fight on their own hook. There was no opportunity to maneuver a brigade, and scarcely a regiment, not more than one-half of which could be seen at one time. Defeated battalions were not fleeing to the rear, but scattered without commands. At Gen. McClernand's repeated and urgent request, Wallace had sent him Craft's brigade. These troops, on reaching their ground, mistook Oglesby's brigade for the enemy, and delivered their first fire into them. The men thus mercilessly pelted by their friends had been engaged nearly three hours, and were holding on with empty cartridge boxes until they could be relieved. No-one should blame them for breaking ranks under such provocation.

The contest around Donelson was largely an Illinois affair. Grant was a resident of that State. McClernand, Logan, McArthur, Oglesby and Dicky were from Illinois, with seventeen regiments and at least five batteries. There were also four regiments from Indiana, four from Ohio, three from Iowa, two from Kentucky and one from Missouri. No major-general was there. All the brigades were in command of colonels, most of whom had never been in battle.

About noon General Wallace, concluding that the enemy were following up McClernand's broken regiments, formed a new and more defensive line nearly at right angles to his first one. I was directed to the extreme right of that crotchet with energetic orders to hold it. The moment had arrived to test the value of my men, in whom I had great confidence, but not one of them or the officers had been under fire. They were intelligent and patriotic volunteers, collected by companies from different parts of the State before the days of bounties. Their conduct in camp had been temperate and orderly. They had submitted to

discipline without complaint; had always been well clothed and provided, and, I believe, gave me their confidence. I was proud of them, and believed they would do their whole duty; but they had not been tried. Many discouraging circumstances surrounded them. A battle had just been lost, and it was reasonable to suppose the enemy would attack us furiously at an early moment. The wounded were being carried past, their blood dripping through their blankets over the snow. It seemed as though two of the Rebel batteries knew where the division headquarters were, and directed a severe cross-fire into the woods at that point. Their shot did little harm but were uncomfortably close, cutting off branches overhead, which fell upon the men. Logan sat there upon his horse waiting for a surgeon, calm, but writhing under a painful wound in the shoulder. An Illinois colonel rushed past, shamefully excited, shouting as he went that two batteries had been captured, another disabled, the infantry dreadfully cut to pieces, and the enemy rushing up the hill to crush us. The battery of the "Chicago Board of Trade," being ordered forward, went in like a whirlwind to take the place of the batteries that were crippled. Rushing past us on the narrow road one of their guns upset, which nearly killed a man. Our orders were to go in as soon as the Seventy-eighth Ohio, Col. Woods, should be out of cartridges. Standing in thick brush, I called the men to order by companies. It was more bush-whacking than regular fighting, where each officer and each man required personal intelligence and courage. Giving them a few directions as each company answered to the word "attention," I had an opportunity to scan the upturned face of each man. Arriving at the left of the line, I experienced an elevated, and to me a new emotion, such as Eugene Sue attributes to his general of the Jesuits, the lofty pleasure of absolute command. The demeanor of these men, under fire for the first time, assured me that they were thoroughly reliable, and could be led up to the enemy's works as a unit of strength. This gratifying result was largely due to the ability of Lieut.-Col. Force, afterwards a major-general, to Major McElroy, afterwards of the regular service, and to a zealous set of line officers. It proved that intelligent

men make the best soldiers; that they are not effective as they are ignorant. These men submitted to discipline because they saw the necessity of it. They executed their orders faithfully because they had the intelligence to understand their bearings. I felt not only a new confidence, but a new personal regard for them, which may be styled *military affection*, a sentiment which belongs only to soldiers and to commanders on the field of battle. Any where else it is incomprehensible. Believing that our right flank was turned, Gen. Wallace had directed me to form on the right of the Indiana troops, facing southeast. We had not been long in that position before the fire ceased along the entire line. About 3 P. M. there broke out on the far left a terrific fire of musketry that soon became a prolonged roar. It was then that Gen. Smith's division advanced up the heights against the exterior lines around Fort Donelson. With his cap raised high on the point of his sword he went up among his men and soon gained a crest that overlooked the fort. There they lay during the night, well knowing that with the dawn of the next day the fort would fall into their hands. Thirty years before, C. F. Smith was a lieutenant of infantry and instructor of tactics at West Point. The intervening years had been spent in the army, where he ranked as an accomplished officer in all grades of service, with a fine person, courteous and brave. All these qualities and this experience bore fruit at Donelson. He soon after met with an injury that relieved him from duty and caused an acute sickness that terminated his life soon after the battle of Shiloh Church.

Night came on, with a clear wintry sky and a full moon. Before sundown, under the energetic management of my quartermaster, Lieut. P. M. Hitchcock, our trains were up with tents and rations, but no tents were used. Two Illinois regiments drifted in around our camp-fires during the evening nearly famished, their numbers sadly thinned and their clothing cut in shreds by bullets. The ordeal of the morning would have been thought terrible by the old French Guards. We were glad to divide rations with men who became heroes in a day. In the clear moonlight troops, artillery, supplies and ambulances were moving all night in anticipation of a general action in the morn-

ing. Every farm house was filled with the wounded. When they died their bodies were laid in rows on the ground in uniform, their manly faces calm and pale in the moonlight. About 2 o'clock A. M. some of our prisoners came in saying that the Rebel pickets in our front were withdrawn. In the clear, still atmosphere we heard the splash of steamers far off to the right, and a confusion of sounds in the same direction. The battle of the morning previous had been fought on the part of the Confederates for the purpose of escape. When it was over and our forces that closed the river route were driven back, Gen. Floyd, becoming excited by victory, neglected to profit by it. Not less than a mile of space lay open for their exit around the upper bayou, in which there were no Federal soldiers except the dead and the wounded. Floyd was represented by the returning prisoners as fully beside himself, riding furiously through the works bareheaded. His telegram to Gen. A. S. Johnson, at Nashville, was that the Yankees had been driven away from Donelson. By 3 P. M. the Federal troops had nearly closed this gap. During the next hour Gen. Smith took the rifle pits on the Rebel right. Buckner, who was third in command, comprehended the situation at once. Floyd began to comprehend it during the evening at a stormy council of war, which was held at a small tavern in Dover. Buckner and Pillow had been personal enemies ever since the war with Mexico, and here the former was ranked by both Pillow and Floyd. His contempt for both was but imperfectly concealed. When it was finally beaten into their heads that the command must surrender or be annihilated, those two gentlemen decided to provide for their personal safety. The noise of paddle wheels that reached our ears came from two small steamers, busily engaged in getting between two thousand and three thousand of their men across the river. Forest and a few hundred cavalry forded the bayou and escaped to the railroad. Probably Gen. Bushrod Johnson was among them. All of them left the works after it was determined to surrender. Daylight came but no order for the assault.

The sun rose and yet no orders. Every one was asking, "what does it mean," when there arose far off in the direction of the left a shout, which grew nearer and more powerful, till it

came to us and went rolling along the line. Donelson had surrendered. After entering the works on a hill, near their extreme left, to the south of Dover, in front of which there had been an assault on Wednesday and a battle on Friday morning, my men were allowed to stack arms and spend half an hour examining the scene.

In front of the abattis, which surrounded their rifle pits on this side, the dead of both parties were strewn thickly over the ground. A clear sky with a warm sun began to tell upon the snow, and increased the depth of the universal red mud. Many of the wounded had lain there thirty-six hours, and still survived. A space nearly a mile in length, over which the battle of Saturday morning had raged, was in possession of the enemy until the surrender, which prevented the relief of these men. Parties were busy removing the living and burying the dead. One poor Union soldier was quite merry and tried to rise up, although his bowels had been torn open twenty-four hours before. He was in the delirium of fever, which soon terminated in stupor and death. None of the wounded complained or uttered a groan. A stalwart "butternut" lay on his back, his eyes closed, his arms extended, and a huge knife in his right hand, apparently dead. There was a bullet hole in the centre of his forehead, from which his brain protruded. On close examination a low breathing was observed. One of the men took hold of his knife, to secure it for a trophy, but his fingers involuntarily gave it a new grip, from which it could not be forced. Their clothing was thin and ragged, grey and butternut predominating, but all the colors of Joseph's coat were to be seen. For blankets they carried square pieces of carpet, comforters and coverlets, from many a home, which the Southern women cheerfully sent to the camp. Some who were destitute of these carried feather beds on their backs, the oddity of which no one seemed to notice. They were in too serious a mood to perceive anything comical in the sitution. Before noon it began to rain. A large part of both armies were by that time in the village, pressing towards our transports, moored to the shore. Many of our regiments were crowding there to draw rations.

The wounded of both sides were being helped to the houses and to hospital boats. Many wagons and their mules had been surrendered. These were being collected from all parts of the field. At the landing, cords of bacon were piled along the banks, which the Confederates had collected for a siege. There were several hundred hogsheads of sugar, with huge piles of corn and flour, in sacks, all exposed to the falling rain.

Under a booth, in a ravine on their picket line, were the dead bodies of a Union and a Confederate soldier, who had crawled there after the battle. One foot of the Federal had been carried away by a round shot. They had managed to kill a hog, and peeling away a portion of his hide had cut off and probably eaten a portion of the meat. The carcass of the hog lay between them, more ghastly than their own.

The prisoners stacked their arms with a very good grace, but objected to giving up their pistols and knives. Most of them carried both. These knives were generally made by country blacksmiths from files and saw-plates. Some of them were eighteen inches long and two inches wide, rude and barbarous instruments, thoroughly in keeping with the general appearance of their owners. These they claimed as a part of their apparel. It was not long, however, before some unruly ones began to use them upon our men, and it became necessary to take them away. A more pitiful collection of human beings was probably never seen. Dejected and exhausted, hungry, wet and cold, they huddled together in the mud and rain around the few houses constituting the town of Dover, waiting for the rolls to be made out and rations issued.

The army under Grant had not been able to bring up its camp equipage, but our lines were fortunately in timber, which furnished an abundance of firewood, and which broke the force of the storm Thursday night. It was quite different with the butternuts. They had cut away much of the thick underbrush in front of their works, or were compelled to spend the night in cutting away the remainder, digging trenches, or anything but sleeping before a good fire. When morning opened on their snow-covered bivouacs they expected a general assault. Their bread rations were generally issued in the shape of flour, which

they were compelled to wet with water and bake in the ashes. In this distressed condition a heavy whiskey ration had been issued, to prepare them for an attack. The poor fellows charged the defeat to these dreadful exposures, which they said no troops could endure. Very few had blankets or overcoats; some were without hats, their heads and shoulders wrapped in shawls or quilts as a protection against the rain. Their feet were better protected than their bodies; but the red mud, worked into mush by the tread of fifty-thousand men, was half knee deep. Snow, mud and rain, without tents, bad rations, tangle-foot whiskey, prolonged labor and the annoyances of shot and shell, had thoroughly demoralized the entire crowd. Even a surrender was a relief.

Within the works, on the morning of the surrender, a scene presented itself, embodying everything uncomfortable in nature and horrible in war. Dead animals and men lay in the mud where they had fallen. Deserted wagons, with living and dead mules attached, were mired in the roads. In some of them were dogs howling for their masters. Among the sacks of corn were stray horses helping themselves. Straggling men were throwing sides of bacon into the streets, to be used as flagging. About twenty thousand small arms of every calibre were stacked at the side of a street next the river. These were run down by teams, animals and men, forming a sort of a causeway over which the pedestrians walked.

Crowds of Confederates, very few of whom were in uniform, and who were unable to find shelter, stood in groups in the rain, under guard of our men.

Having received no order since noon of Saturday, I found my way to headquarters on a boat. A large part of the cabin was occupied by Gen. Grant and his staff, all of whom I found busily at work, surrounded by wounded officers. Col. Webster was intently looking at a photograph of his wife and boys, which had just reached him. To my application for orders General Grant replied:

"Have you a good regiment?"

Colonel Webster said, "Yes, general, I saw it go into line yesterday, like a parade."

"Very well. Take charge of the prisoners and I will introduce you to Gen. Buckner."

We mounted, and riding towards the tavern, so lately occupied by Floyd and Pillow, I enquired if I could see his report on the surrender.

"Have you seen the telegram?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is report enough."

There is still much discussion in regard to the number of prisoners surrendered at Donelson. The memoranda in my possession are not sufficient to give the precise number.

Gen. Buckner's report is as follows:

GENERAL ABSTRACT OF PRISONERS OF WAR FURNISHED BY GEN. S. B. BUCKNER, OF CONFEDERATE ARMY, SURRENDERED AT FORT DONELSON, TENNESSEE.

FEBRUARY 16, 1862.

To Brigadier-General U. S. Grant, U. S. A.:

49th Tennesse regiment, Col. Bailey	429
53d Tennessee regiment, Col. Abernathy	382
27th Alabama regiment, Col. Jackson	288
42d Tennessee regiment, Col. Quarrells	539
Captain Guy's battery	35
26th Tennessee regiment, Col. Lillards	421
14th Mississippi regiment, Col. Baldwin	600
18th Tennessee regiment, Col. Palmer	600
2d Kentucky regiment, Col. Hanson	450
20th Mississippi regiment, Major Brown	454
Captain Milton's company	27
50th Virginia regiment, Lt. Hasless	8
7th Texas regiment, Col. Gregg	313
15th Arkansas regiment, Col. Lee	318
Captain Preston's cavalry	73
51st Tennessee regiment, Major Clark	183
Col. Lugg	518
Porter's artillery	24
3d Tennessee regiment, Col Brown	500
8th Kentucky regiment, Col. Lyon	290
30th Tennessee regiment, Major Humphry	700
232d Tennessee regiment, Col. Cook	558
41st Tennessee regiment, Col. Farqueharson	481
	8,209
Mississippi regiment, Col. Davidson	600
Scattered companies not yet reported	1,120
Total	9,929

The report of Gen. Buckner does not include the sick and the wounded in the hospital at Dover, of whom there should have been several hundred.

When the prisoners were placed on the transports, my regiment proved to be not a sufficient guard, and a portion were assigned to Col. Sweeny, of Illinois, who did not report to me. There is a memorandum in my notes that there were 10,300 men distributed to the several prison camps, and another that the number was 10,389. The estimate of those who escaped, including Forest's cavalry, was 2,300. The largest figures do not represent men enough to man their lines by at least 5,000, and Confederate officers denied that there were 13,000 present all told.

Gen. Leonidas Polk, who was in command at Columbus, Ky., issued an order on the 17th of February, which has the following official statement:

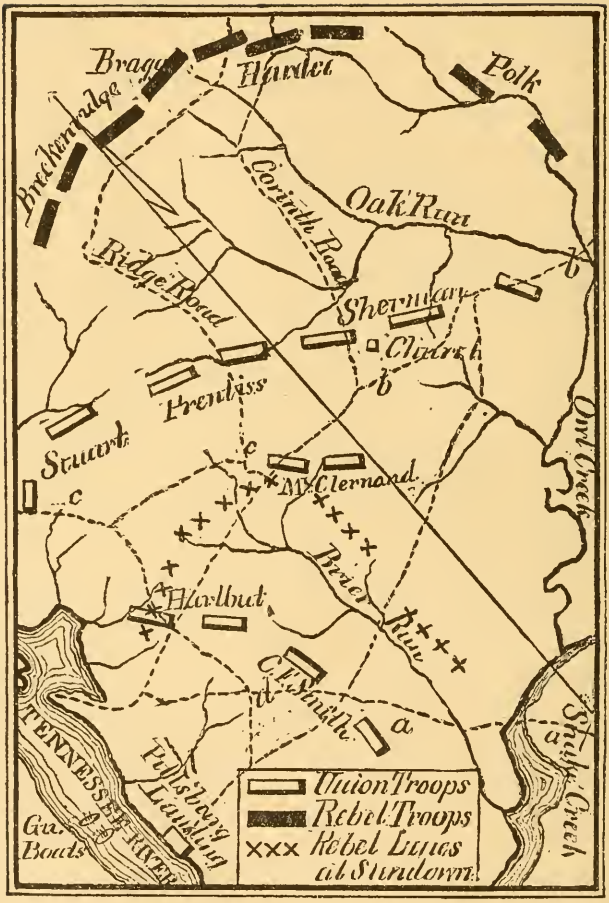
"The relative strength of the Confederate and Federal forces on the night of the 15th, at Donelson, was seventeen thousand against seventy thousand. * * * Our troops, worn out by watching and exhausted by the fatigue of two days' incessant conflict, had laid their weary bodies on their beds of straw. * * * Gen. Floyd retreated by the river with a portion of his command and has reached Clarksville. * * * Gen. Pillow is retreating on Clarksville by land with a large body of troops."

On our arrival at the Confederate headquarters we found Gen. Buckner and his staff in the upper rooms of a tavern, where the Confederate council of war had been held a few hours previous. There was of necessity some delay on the part of our commissary in issuing rations to the prisoners, but, with two exceptions, their officers were courteous, endeavoring to make the best of their situation. The exceptions were Gen. Buckner and a lieutenant of his staff, whom it soon became necessary to snub. Nineteen regiments, a battalion and three batteries were represented by the officers present, who immediately set about making their returns. Before noon of the 17th the prisoners were on board steamers destined for St. Louis, Terre Haute, Alton, Indianapolis and Columbus, Ohio. The officers were sent to Boston. With the two exceptions above given, my relations to these unfortunate men and their officers were not unpleasant. The horses of the officers were scattered over the plain, some of whom had been appropriated by Federal officers.

Col. Simonton, of the First Mississippi regiment, commanded a brigade on their extreme left, opposed to Oglesby's Illinois brigade. Both of these officers were exposed in open ground to a close fire at short range nearly two hours, and both escaped unhurt. Col. Simonton commissioned me to recover his horse and present it to Col. Oglesby, since Governor of Illinois, in testimony of his personal admiration of a brave man. Col. Hanson, of the Second Kentucky, Col. Baldwin, of Alabama, with many other officers, formed an agreeable part of our mess. The guns captured within their lines were generally new and in complete order. Of all calibre there were about seventy pieces, most of them thirty-pound parrots and twenty-four-pound howitzers.

The cabins in Fort Donelson were put up on regular streets, furnishing comfortable quarters for about two thousand men. In tents they were, like ourselves, very deficient. The brilliant results of Donelson gave promotion to nearly all the officers who participated in its capture. The finale was quite unexpected to both parties. Jeff Davis and Gen. A. S. Johnston appeared to be wholly at ease as to this part of the Confederate line. Floyd and Pillow had no comprehension of their peril until they were invested. Escape was then possible, but a successful defense was not. The fort required only about two thousand men, and could hold more than five thousand. Defenses for the remainder of the line had to be constructed under the fire of our batteries and sharpshooters. Although both parties were equally exposed to the weather, our troops were much better clothed and were not required to labor on trenches. The Confederates had rest neither night nor day. It was a question of physical endurance with great advantage on our side. Buckner truly says, "Our troops were broken down by unusual privations." Most of them had labored and fought incessantly for a week. From Thursday morning until Friday night they had been almost continually under heavy fire. They had suffered intensely in a heavy snow storm from cold, almost without shelter, with insufficient food, almost without sleep, and had behaved with gallantry, unsurpassed until the power of further endurance was exhausted. The fighting on our part on

land, previous to Saturday afternoon, was either incidental or defensive. Until after the failure of the gunboats our lines were not well closed around the works. After that, escape was barely possible. An experienced commander might have saved a large portion of his troops from the disgrace of a capture as late as Saturday noon. On our part there was less discipline than on theirs. The officers on both sides were equally inexperienced with their soldiers, but those deficiencies were made good by a common impulse to press forward on our part, and on theirs to resist. Our sharpshooters crawled through the brush and abattis, picking off their gunners with fatal accuracy. A very slight excuse brought on a fight. Generally the Federals had the worst of it, but this did not quench their resolution. If the regiment was broken up the battle was prolonged by companies and squads, acting often without orders. However, for severe and prolonged work, the Northwestern men had the more muscle and more capacity for endurance than the Southern; a fact which Gen. Grant duly appreciated. On Sunday morning the Federal troops were ready for a general assault. The fire of Gen. C. F. Smith's division on our left was grand on Saturday afternoon, but there would have been a much grander spectacle, embracing the entire line, at daybreak of Sunday if it had been necessary to attack. If Gen. Grant's department had included Nashville, the value of the capture would have been much greater. Some boats went up the river as far as Clarksville, where the Northwestern railroad crosses it, and burned the iron works, but went no farther. Before Gen. Mitchel, as the advance of Buell's column, reached Nashville, Gen. Johnston had abundant time to destroy or carry away two millions of military stores.


Brage
Hardee
Polk
Breckenridge
Corinth Road
Oak Run
Ridge Road
Sherman
Church
Prentiss
Stuart
Owl Creek
McClernand
Brier Run
Hurlbut
C.F. Smith
Pittsburg Landing
TENNESSEE RIVER
Gun Boats
Snake Creek
Union Troops
Rebel Troops
Rebel Lines at Sundown

CHAPTER IV.

BATTLE OF SHILOH CHURCH.

THE battle of "Shiloh Church" has been so often described by writers of reputation that its details are well known. Connected with it there has been from the days of the engagement to the present time serious charges against some of the generals, repelled by counter-charges, criticisms and defenses of great warmth. It was then the greatest battle fought on American soil, to which personal criminations and recriminations added features of interest beyond the numbers engaged and the remarkable pertinacity exhibited by both parties.

Whoever studies the map of the field, as surveyed by the United States engineers, and of which a reduced copy is here given, will perceive that the position of the Union army was by nature a very strong one. It will also be apparent that no advantage was taken of this natural strength by artificial defenses or in the disposition of the troops. This might be very difficult to explain without imputing gross neglect to the generals, were it not for the peculiar condition of the command.

Gen. C. F. Smith, the ranking officer in the camp, was disabled by an injury, of which he soon died. Gen. Grant, technically in command of the Army of the Tennessee, had his headquarters at Savannah, twelve miles below. Practically there was an interregnum in the command, Gen. Grant having been superseded by Gen. Halleck, who was on the way from St. Louis, having sent orders not to bring on a battle. Gen. Grant was then in disfavor at St. Louis and Washington. It followed —as it might with any officer thus situated, neither in command nor yet wholly out of it—that he did not feel responsible for events. After the withdrawal of Gen. Smith, although Major Gen. McClernand became the ranking officer at camp,

Brigadier-Gen. Sherman was entrusted with the greatest confidence at headquarters.

Gen. Halleck's plan was to move on Memphis. Late in March, ten days provisions were put on the wagons for that movement. This was countermanded. The arrival of Halleck and of the command of Gen. Buell were made preliminary to the march on Memphis. Neither Gens. Halleck, Grant, McClernand, Sherman or any officer commanding a division had taken into consideration an attack by the enemy. For the arrangements of the camps the division commanders were not responsible. This had been fixed by Gen. Smith or Gen. Grant.

The army had lain thus since early in March, perfecting its discipline and making itself as comfortable as the mud and rains of the season would admit, wholly unconscious of danger.

It was evident that neither Gen. Grant nor Gen. Smith anticipated fighting at Pittsburg Landing. In that case the dispositions would have been quite different. Instead of obstructions in front, roads had been repaired and bridges laid to facilitate an advance. Sherman says: "No entrenchments were made because a forward movement was expected." Between Hurlbut and Prentiss was a space of about a mile, in which there were no troops posted until after the attack. Although many subordinates anticipated danger, Sherman and Grant regarded the demonstrations on our front as reconnoissances only. A single day's work of the command with spades and axes would have made the position impregnable against an assault by less than three times our numbers. Looking at the miniature plan of the field, it will be seen that the space between the valley of Owl and Snake creeks on our right, and Lick Creek on our extreme left, is filled with a labyrinth of rivulets heading near each other, which discharge into those creeks and the Tennessee river. Each one of these represents a sharp valley with steep banks and running water at the bottom. Generally these ravines and gulches were filled with timber. Their depth is from twenty to eighty feet below the general plain, with numberless perennial springs. On the river front, at the landing, the bluffs are from eighty to one

hundred feet high and are abrupt. To cross the gulches in the face of an enemy was like making an assault on a fortress.

Sherman's division on the northeasterly side of Oak run was in a good defensive position across the Corinth road, at a church or meeting-house of oak logs hewed on both sides, known as *Shiloh Church*. As this was the point around which there was a fierce and sanguinary conflict during two days, it properly gives a name to the battle. Prentiss' division on Sherman's left, and not in close relations to it, was so near the heads of the branches that the gullies are not very deep; and he was partly astride of one of them. The ground opposite is nearly on a level with his camp, placing the attacking force nearly upon an equality with him. From thence easterly to the ravines, heading up from Lick creek, there were no troops except Stuart's brigade, a distance of more than a mile. There were in the field troops enough, amounting to three divisions, to occupy this space, but it was not the best line, and on the accepted theory of security no one thought of occupying it. Prentiss and Sherman made a stubborn resistance, during which the other divisions came to their aid; but the enemy was already through the gap on the waters of Lick creek, and, pressing forward, turned our left irretrievably. Under great pressure and with great skill, a new line was formed, facing southeasterly from McClernand's camp, across the head of Brier run to the ravines that open into the Tennessee above the landing. Here all the divisions on the ground were engaged, heroically breasting the waves of disaster, but were overwhelmed. They were compelled to cross the valley of the Brier run into the natural fortress, within which W. H. H. Wallace commanded Smith's division. By the help of a park of siege guns the advance of Gen. Nelson's division of Buell's army, and the gunboats sweeping the ravines which the enemy had reached on the Tennessee shore, their impetuous rush was checked before night closed in over the scene. Two Federal divisions were broken up and the camps of three were occupied by the enemy. On account of the surprise of the morning, and the stubborn resistance that followed, the ground presented a sadder sight than that of ordinary battles. Full twenty thousand men and horses,

dead, mortally wounded or disabled, lay within cannon range of Shiloh Church, of which each army furnished an equal number. Every Confederate brigade had been engaged, some of them many times, from early morning until 5 o'clock P. M., and their men were thoroughly exhausted. Very few of their teams could follow the regiments, over tracks that did not deserve the name of roads at any time, and then were impassable for loaded trains. Under these adverse circumstances the best care was taken of their own wounded and of ours which was possible, but most of their men were too weary to make any further exertion. They cast themselves upon the ground and fell asleep. Very few fires were lighted, and where rations could not be found in our deserted camps there were none to issue. A cheerless and sulphurous mist settled down among the tree-tops, succeeded by heavy clouds, and at intervals during the night by cold showers. Every five minutes a gun was fired from the boats, throwing an eight or an eleven-inch time shell, which burst in some part of the field with a report equal to that of the gun itself. Little did the exhausted men heed either the noise or the danger of those terrible missiles.

The morning report for March 25, 1862, exhibits Gen. Grant's command as follows:

1st division, Gen. McClernand	7,799
2d division, Gen. C. F. Smith, afterwards W. H. Wallace	7,632
3d division, Gen. Lew Wallace	9,014
4th division, Gen. Hurlbut	7,933
5th division, Gen. Sherman	8,721
	41,099
Cavalry	3,236
Artillery	1,858
Total	46,193

The Sixth division, Gen. Prentiss, had not then arrived. It was present on Sunday, and the Third was not. As this division was exceptionally large, probably the Sixth did not make its numbers good, and therefore the force on the field during the first day did not exceed forty-five thousand men.

Gens. Grant and Sherman held a consultation between 4 and 5 P. M., when it was concluded that eighteen thousand men

could be organized for an attack on the morrow. Twenty-seven thousand were killed, captured, dispersed or disabled. Such another disaster to a fine army did not occur in this war, probably in no war of this century. All the generals of this division may have been somewhat implicated in this dreadful result, but the Northern press and people attributed it principally to Gens. Grant and Sherman. The absence of ordinary precaution naturally resulted in a surprise. It possibly had its origin in the opinion that the enemy was not prepared for an attack, a theory which ordinary information would have dissipated. If an attack was anticipated the case is far worse. It would then be gross negligence, extending from the chief down through all the division commanders, especially those in front of the camp.

Whatever there is of praise or blame connected with those events must be judged upon its merits, with which the subsequent achievements of the commanders have nothing to do. Gen. Grant was wise enough to make no public explanations. With his friends, especially Gen. Sherman, it has been quite different. Their defenses and explanations have been frequent and public from 1862 to this time. In most of them, and in the endorsement by Gen. Grant of Gen. Wallace's report, the disasters of the first day were largely attributed to the tardiness of the Third division in reaching the field. If this division was not in line during the first day, it was because it was not soon enough ordered to be there; and the reason of this delay is to be found in a false theory that the attack on Shiloh was a feint. When it received marching orders it will be found that nothing was left undone to bring it into the field at the earliest moment possible. The proofs are indisputable, that the battle was virtually lost before the latter received the order to move.

Gen. Badeau's life of Gen. Grant was written by authority, and states that "Gen. Wallace was set right at 1 P. M., and it took him until 7 o'clock to move five miles."

In his Military Memoirs, page 245, Gen. Sherman makes the following statement:

"General Grant visited me about 10 A. M., where we were holding our ground, and said he had ordered Lew Wallace's

division at Crump's Landing to cross Snake creek so as to come upon my right. We had waited all day expecting him, and early at night he arrived from the other side of Snake creek, not having fired a shot."

In 1863 General Sherman published a letter in the United Service Magazine, reiterating the charge, saying:

"About 4 P. M. I selected a line in advance of the bridge across Snake creek, by which we had all day been expecting Lew. Wallace's division. * * * Lew. Wallace's division only four miles off, was expected each minute."

In General Grant's report he says:

"I directed this (Wallace's) division at about 8 A. M. to be held in readiness to march at a moment's warning. Certainly not later than 11 o'clock the order reached him to march by a flank movement to Pittsburg Landing."

A very zealous friend of Gen. Grant's, in the *National Republican*, Washington, March 6, 1873, repeats the charges of Badeau and Sherman, in a still more offensive manner:

"To Gen. Lew. Wallace's shameful tardiness, to call it by no harsher name, was mainly due the repulse of the first day."

After the documents presented below had been shown to Gen. Grant in 1873, he was candid enough to admit that they made quite a change in his opinion. Gen. Sherman reiterated his views as late as May, 1881.

STATEMENTS OF OFFICERS PRESENT.

Letter of Lieut-Col. J. R. Ross, January 25, 1868:

"Now for the order. Badeau says a staff officer was dispatched with a verbal order to you to march by the nearest road parallel with the river."

About 11 o'clock A. M. Captain Baxter handed Col. Ross a paper which he read, and says:

"I very distinctly remember this order directed you to move on the Purdy road, and form your line of battle at right angles to the river, and then act as circumstances should dictate."

He further says, the shortest distance from the camp at Stoney Lonesome to Pittsburg Landing is five (5) miles; to the same point by the route indicated twelve (12) miles.

Col. Bausenwein's report, 58th Ohio, Thayer's brigade:

"At twelve o'clock the brigade moved forward. We marched all the afternoon at quick time through ravines and swamps, until we arrived, about an hour after dark," etc.

General J. A. Strickland, June 24, 1868:

"At half past eleven, it might have been fifteen minutes to twelve, a person rode up to Gen. Wallace with orders to move. Col. Thayer's brigade at Stoney Lonesome was in motion in ten minutes after the order was received."

Gen. G. F. McGinnis, February 19, 1868, states generally that he commanded the Eleventh Indiana, attached to the First brigade. M. L. Smith received orders at Crump's Landing, from Wallace soon after the battle commenced, and in twenty minutes was on the march to Stoney Lonesome or Winn's farm, two and a half miles out from the river, and waited for orders until near 12 o'clock M.

Gen. Fred. Kneufler, A. A. G., Third division:

"I was much surprised to see Gen. Badeau's revision of your conduct at the battle of Shiloh, first day. About 9 o'clock Gen. Grant passed up on the Tigress, and in passing had a conversation with you. It must have been twelve o'clock when Captain Baxter arrived with orders, and brought cheering intelligence that our army was successful. I remember it was a written order to march and form a junction with the right of the army, which was understood to be the right, as it rested in the morning when the battle began. We marched rapidly, and, judging from the sound were, approaching it fast. The advance guard had reached the crossing of Snake creek, near a mill or large building and a bridge, from which point we could see the smoke overhanging the field of battle and hear the musketry, when an order was received to retrace our steps. It is the general impression that we marched between fifteen and eighteen miles, the roads almost impassable, part of the distance through woods with no roads at all. It ought not to be intimated that you did not do your whole duty in endeavoring to reach the field of action."

Captain A. W. Ware, A. D. C.:

"At twenty minutes to twelve an order was delivered to you

by Captain Baxter, to move to Sherman's right on the Purdy road."

Gen. J. W. Thayer, Washington, March, 1873:

"At about half past eleven A. M., an officer rode up to Gen. Wallace, at Stoney Lonesome, with the expected order from Gen. Grant, and in a few minutes the command (Second brigade) was on the march towards the field of action. According to my recollection there was no halt on the march except to close up the column."

Col. Whittlesey, March, 1873:

"I cannot give the precise distance from Stoney Lonesome by your route to the mouth of Oak run, not having been over it. Now as to time, I was on a boat, holding court martial on the morning of the 6th of April. In Gen. Grant's endorsement of your report, he states that he passed up from Savannah at about 8 A. M., and directed you to be in readiness to move. I did not time it, but have always regarded the hour as at least half-past eight. The firing had been going on much more than an hour, which Gen. Sherman reports commenced at 7 A. M. I saw Gen. Grant in conference with you over the rail of the boat, and you said that the general's theory was that our postion would be attacked. My brigade at Adamsville received no orders to move till 2 P. M., although the teams were hitched and ready to move at noon. The orders were to take the road back to Stoney Lonesome and thence follow you. A short distance out of Stoney Lonesome on the south, a blind route takes off to the left and leads into the river road, which crosses Snake creek near its mouth. You took the right hand part of this track, which would bring you to Owl creek and the Purdy Road, near the mouth of Oak run. Between this point and the bridge on the river road, the valley of Snake creek is impassable for cavalry or artillery, being a continuous swamp, through which the infantry could not pass or keep order. The road was clayey and soft, and before we reached Stony Lonesome it was near 4 P. M. A short distance west of it Col. McPherson, then of the staff, met us with disastrous news, and orders to leave the trains and hurry on. A boy orderly

was placed by him where the road forks, south of Stoney Lonesome, to show us the path across to the river road."

Gen. Wallace's report and letter to Gen. Grant:

"These letters show, as I think, that I took measures in anticipation of your order to me personally, on your way up the river, to hold myself in readiness to march in any direction. When about a mile from the position which had been occupied by the right of our army (Sherman's division), Captain Rowley overtook me, telling me a very different story from that of Captain Baxter. He set me right as to the condition of the battle, not as to the road I was following. Col. McPherson and Major Rawlins met me on the corner march, when my command was on the river road, moving to Pittsburg Landing. The march actually performed was not less than fifteen (15) miles, over an execrable dirt road."

Assuming that the distance of the march of the brigades of Col. M. L. Smith and Col. J. M. Thayer was thirteen miles and the time six and one-half hours, their rate of progress was two miles an hour. Had they been directed to the lower crossing of Snake creek, they would have reached the field about 3:30 P. M. Was the march as rapid as practicable? Gen. Buell's head of column was on that morning about three miles east of Savannah, which is on the east bank of the Tennessee, eleven or twelve miles below Pittsburg Landing. The head of his column reached the landing about 5 P. M., marching, say fourteen or fifteen miles in eight or nine hours, dropping his trains and batteries a large part of the distance under pressure of anticipated battle. His average was a little over a mile and a half an hour.

After the arrival of Col. McPherson, about 4 P. M., my command, in good marching order, hurried on under the same pressure, making no halt and occupied about three (3) hours to accomplish six (6) miles, a rate of two (2) miles an hour.

It rained nearly every day and night of the week of the battle. The universal red clay of that country, under the passage of an army, became a soft liquid mass, into which the teams and guns sank as they would in batter.

Beauregard was from daylight of the 3rd of April into the

night of the 5th moving from Corinth to our line (three days and two nights) less than twenty miles. No general could have more incentives to energy than he had. If he could have gained one day the army at Shiloh would have been annihilated.

Gen. Grant's theory of an attack on the Third division at Adamsville was certainly plausible. Had Gen. Polk—whose corps was near Purdy, about eight miles west, reported to have been fourteen thousand strong—been enterprising, he could have crushed Wallace, captured the trains and supplies and returned in one day.

Reputation is as dear to the men and officers of the Third division as it is to those of the Fifth. The commander of the latter, during many years, on many public occasions, has assailed the conduct of Gen. Wallace, who was his senior, and the officers and the men of his command in the face of indisputable facts.

Military rank is not superior to historical truth, which will eventually be accepted by those who participated in that great battle, with perhaps one exception.

Halleck's order not to bring on an engagement certainly did not imply that no precautions should be made against an attack. An army deprived of the ability to defend itself would present a most pitiable spectacle. An army compelled, without warning and without preparation, to take such blows as the enemy might choose to give, could not with propriety be called a belligerent. When its numbers, equipment and position are such that ordinary precaution would prevent a force of thrice its numbers from gaining a foothold in its camps, and it loses three-fifths of its ground and can rally only two-fifths of its men, there does not appear to be much ground for a claim to generalship.

The advance cavalry and scouts of Gen. Beauregard's army formed a cordon of observation visible to our pickets, by whom their presence was reported without making any perceptible impression upon the general officers.

Col. Buckland, of the Seventy-second Ohio, afterwards a brigadier, skirmished with the enemy on the 3rd, only five miles from our lines. On the 4th, about 2 P. M., the picket line was attacked and seven or eight men of the Seventieth

Ohio, Col. Cockerill, were captured. Col. Buckland, perceiving that a company of Rebel calvary had got behind a company of his infantry, attacked and dispersed them, killed several and captured twelve. This was against orders, and an act which Gen. Sherman was not slow to condemn.

Surgeon M. T. Carey, of the Eighth Ohio Volunteers, was a prisoner in Beauregard's camp on Saturday night, the 5th of April. He says: "At daybreak Sunday morning the enemy's (Federals) advance was in sight of our (Confederate) camp. Gen. Johnson remarked to Gen. Beauregard: 'Can it be possible they are not aware of our presence.' Beauregard replied: 'It is scarcely possible they are laying a plan to entrap us.' I have often heard of demoralized armies, but the scene presented here beggars discription. The woods were crowded with men running at full speed with trunks filled with booty and big bundles, some without hats or guns, divested of everything which offered an impediment to their running the race set before them."

Beauregard and the officers made use of every exertion to stop the fugitives, without avail. At 5 P. M. Dr. Carey believes that five thousand of our troops could have captured the Rebel army. About that hour the Third division was halted a little more than a mile in front of McDowell's position at Oak run,and soon after ordered back to his abandoned camp.

Many of the Confederates came on the field with large lances, which they dropped as fast as a Federal soldier's musket could be found. The wooden stem was of ash, 7 feet long, very heavy, the head iron, with a hook near its base, all very clumsy, and doing no harm as against a bayonet.

Beyond Oak run there were a number of boxes of ammunition for Enfield muskets, and on them were the London label in stamped characters. On their muskets left on the field there were some with the marks of the tower.

Gen. Buckland, in a letter to the Cincinnati *Gazette*, April 14, 1871, says: "The next day being Saturday, the 5th, I visited the picket lines several times and found the woods swarming with Rebel cavalry along the entire front of my line, and the pickets claimed to have discovered infantry and artil-

lery." During this day he consulted with Cols. Cockerill, Hildebrand and Sullivan as to what should be done, all of them apprehending an attack. They strengthened their pickets and established a line of sentries during the night from the camp to the front. These wise precautions enabled this brigade to resist the attack on the next morning, and to withstand the Rebel onset stoutly for three hours.

Col. Worthington, of the Forty-sixth Ohio, of McDowell's brigade, on the extreme right, saw in his front abundant evidences of an attack.

Gen. Sherman, however, held tenaciously to the theory of a reconnoissance until 7:30 A. M. of the 6th, when fighting had been going on at the skirmish line nearly an hour.

If any resistance was contemplated, the line of resistance was naturally at the front. On this line there was a gap in which there were no Federal troops, and at the most assailable part, into which the Confederate right wing marched without opposition. It was not left open because there were not troops enough to fill it. Three divisions were in the rear, not posted for the purpose of meeting an enemy, but for convenience as to supplies, wood and water. There is no evidence that the idea of offensive arrangements were considered by any of the generals. If it had been, one day's work of the forces with spades and axes would have prevented an attack.

On such fields there are great mental activities and agonies that must not be overlooked. Before the stupor of death comes on, there are preternatural flashes of memory, illuminating the path of life. The spirit of the dying soldier returns to the home he has left. Actions and thoughts that occupied many years, reappear with a rapidity comparable to nothing better than electricity. Some are silent, only a few utter groans; others sigh and pray only, rarely there are curses.

A later stage is that of delirium with chatter and laughter, as indescribable as it is horrible, because it is a premonition of the end. Many who anticipated death, that did not come, spoke of a spiritual elevation, such as a mind partially liberated from the body might experience.

CHAPTER V.

MOVEMENT ON CINCINNATI, SEPTEMBER, 1862.

In the fall of 1861 the Union men of East Tennessee, a large part of whom were refugees in the mountains, most piteously besought our generals and the Government to send an expedition to Knoxville. They were ready to perform their part to insure its success. A number of these patriots were in Cincinnati in consultation with Gen. Mitchel. He planned an expedition through one of the gaps in the Cumberland range, southerly of Cumberland gap, to be made by the men of his command. As it would be in Gen. Sherman's department, his assent and assistance were necessary. A meeting of those generals was to take place at Lexington. Mitchel went there, but Sherman came not, and gave no apology. A number of the refugees had already left Cincinnati to burn the bridges on the railroad from Knoxville east. They performed their part, for which some of them lost their lives. Under the orders of Judah P. Benjamin, Confederate Secretary of War, they were summarily executed, and suspected residents were sent to Richmond. Had Mitchel been sustained, and the valley of the Tennessee occupied above Chattanooga, those suffering loyalists would have been relieved from their savage tormentors, and there could not have been, the year following, the invasion under Bragg. In anticipation of such a movement, McClellan took measures to meet it as early as May, 1861. His chief military engineer, Captain O. M. Poe, was directed to make a survey of the environs of Covington and Newport as the proper place to defend Cincinnati. This survey was partly completed when Gen. McClellan's headquarters were removed to the field in Western Virginia. In the fall of that year Gen. O. M. Mitchel became commander of the department of the Ohio, who di-

rected me to continue the survey, locate forts and batteries, and lay out connecting lines of parapets. Some heavy, smooth-bore guns had been sent from Pittsburg. Until late in the fall, when Gen. Mitchel was relieved, I pushed the work as fast as the regiments in camp furnished the fatigue parties. For assistants I had William Henry Searles, Geoffrey Strengel and M. Ritner, very capable men and energetic civil engineers. Mr. Searles was the draftsman, who finished Captain Poe's map in a neat and detailed manner. It was taken to Washington by Gen. Mitchel, left in the hands of the President, and from information by Mr. Strengel, is thought to have been secured by Rebel spies who infested Washington. A second map was constructed from our field notes, which was turned over to Buell. Two batteries were constructed on the Cincinnati side, one on the hills near Mt. Adams, looking up the river, another at the quarries west of Mill creek, commanding the works at the west end of the Covington line, on the river near the race course. Each battery had two eighteen-pound smooth-bores. On the Covington side there was an artillery parapet near the west end of the lines, not furnished with guns. Fort Mitchel, on the Lexington pike, was nearly completed and about half-mounted with thirty-two pounders. There were two batteries near the Licking, on spurs of the hills, one at the tunnel and one higher up at a quarry; another on a point east of the valley, but without guns. Further east was a small, partly finished fort known as Battery Shaler. He was a thorough Union man, who cheerfully saw his vine yards destroyed, and gave us besides all the assistance in his power. As the Government did not furnish Gen. Mitchel the money to construct these works, he appealed to the city of Cincinnati, which at once advanced him $100,000. After December, 1861, nothing more was done until September, 1862. Although we held Memphis, Decatur, Stephenson, Nashville and Cumberland gap, the Confederacy still kept the railway opened from Richmond through Lynchburg, Knoxville and Chattanooga, connecting with the Gulf States east of the Mississippi. To them the Mississippi was of only little more consequence than this road. Kirby Smith concentrated at

Knoxville and Bragg at Chattanooga, without hindrance, whatever forces the Rebellion considered necessary.

With Jefferson Davis it was a favorite policy to invade the Northern States. For the recovery of Tennessee and Kentucky, as a preliminary step to the invasion of Ohio, an army was collected on the upper Tennessee, concealed by the Cumberland mountains. Kirby Smith passed at Rodgers and Big Creek gaps, and thus flanked the Union Gen. Morgan out of Cumberland gap. Bragg marched up the Sequatchee valley, thus forcing Gen. Buell to give up his summer's work and hasten back to Nashville. There Bragg was still in advance of his right flank, compelling him to retreat to Louisville with all possible speed.

Thus it was that the earth-works in front of Covington and Newport seriously attracted the attention of the Government. In the local engagements of the home guards and the United States troops, the latter were generally defeated. Kirby Smith was in advance of Bragg, having strength enough to bear down the Union opposition in the field and to occupy Lexington on the 1st of September. His detachments attacked Augusta, on the Kentucky side of the river above Cincinnati, on the 28th of August. A division, reputed to be about eight thousand strong, under Gen. Heath, was on the march by the Lexington turnpike to attack Covington, whose scouts made their appearance before our lines on the 3rd of September.

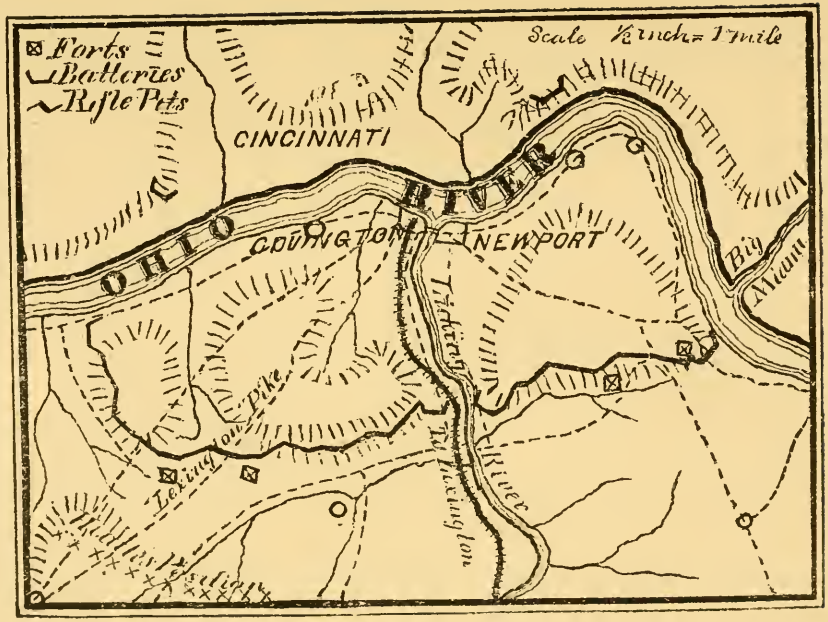
Louisville, in a military sense, was much more exposed than Cincinnati, but Bragg halted near Bardstown and allowed Buell, with a fine army, to enter Louisville. At Cincinnati the Union forces were inadequate to meet even one division of enterprising men, had it not been for the fortifications of the year previous. When Gen. Heath made his first appearance on the hills overlooking Letonia Springs, he might have made a dash into Covington, between Fort Wright and the quarries. He could have held the place only a few hours, but might have done much mischief and carried away supplies and clothing, of which his ragged soldiers were badly in want. Too long delay there after plunder would have resulted in his capture.

In the autumn of 1862 there was great activity in the Rebel,

armies along their entire front. They were executing a cherished purpose of that power to make the war aggressive. Gen. Rosecrans, under Grant, was attacked at Corinth by the Southwestern army, where it was defeated, and also at Iuka. Gen. Bragg, at Chattanooga, reputed to have 30,000 men, advanced unseen into the heart of the Cumberlands, from whence he found passes into Central Tennessee. By this secret and rapid movement he turned Gen. Buell, who lay from Decatur to Bridgeport, on the Memphis & Charleston railroad. Gen. Kirby Smith, from Knoxville, moved stealthily through gaps in the Cumberlands, outflanking the Union General Morgan at the gap; and crossing the Cumberland river, wholly unheralded, appeared at London, Kentucky, on the 27th of August. He is reputed to have had twelve thousand troops, with whom he met and defeated Gen. Nelson at Richmond on the 30th.

As soon as Gen. Morgan was compelled to retire toward the Ohio, Humphrey Marshall, reputed to have ten thousand men, found his way from Western Virginia through unfrequented gaps in the mountains into Kentucky, and entered Mt. Sterling on the 6th of September. Our troops about this time were driven down the Kanawha valley nearly to the Ohio.

Pittsburg was threatened as a point near Lake Erie, the shores of which, when reached, would enable the Davis government to communicate directly with his English friends in Canada. East of the Alleghanies, Lee, Jackson and Longstreet were pulverising the Army of the Potomac under Gen. Pope, on their route into Pennsylvania. Under these circumstances the Federal government and its generals had abundant occupation. Although Gen. Bragg was between Gen. Buell and Louisville and Munsfordsville on the 20th of August, he failed to make use of his position, and turned away northeastward to Bardstown. Buell was thus enabled to reach Lousville without an engagement on the 28th of August. On the 1st of September, Kirby occupied Lexington and Frankfort. Both himself and Bragg appeared to have been engaged more upon a political than a warlike purpose. Several precious days were occupied in setting up the shadow of a civil government, issuing


Forts
Batteries
Rifle Pits
Scale ½ inch = 1 mile
CINCINNATI
OHIO RIVER
COVINGTON
NEWPORT
Big Miami
Lexington Pike
Licking River
Intrenchments

proclamations and forcing Confederate scrip upon the unfortunate citizens of Kentucky, Rebel and Union alike.

Buell, on the 1st of September, had organized three *corps d'armée*, which were put in motion that day upon Bardstown, two days after the advance of Heath's division reached the environs of Covington. Bragg retreated from Bardstown, not towards Lexington, and on the 7th of September the battle of Perrysville or Champlin's Hills was fought. With what supplies they had accumulated in the blue grass region, the Confederate forces concentrated and took the direction of Cumberland gap. Major-Gen. H. G. Wright, in command of the Department of the Ohio, after the defeat of Gen. Nelson at Richmond, saw at once that his troops were unable to prevent Bragg and Kirby Smith from joining their forces. Gen. Lew. Wallace was ordered to Cincinnati with a few Indiana and Ohio regiments. A greater number of Gen. Wright's command marched for Louisville and joined Gen. Buell.

On the 3d of September Gen. Wright proclaimed martial law, placed Gen. Wallace in command of the defences, ordered a detail of three thousand men to work on the trenches and suspended ordinary business.

WAR POWERS.

The rules and articles of war, adopted by Congress for the government of the army, and for volunteers or militia in active service form the code of "military law." In practice it is more absolute than the most monarchical civil government. Its essence is expressed in one short phrase "obedience to orders," concerning which the subordinate has no opinion and no choice. If the order is illegal, this does not effect the duty of obedience. Remonstrance would be a military offence, and hesitation also. Where the subordinate has rights they are to be asserted afterwards by modes prescribed in the rules and articles of war, which are for the government of those in service only. Beyond them is an unwritten code, incident to all forms of government still more arbitrary, known as "martial law" and the usages of war. It must be declared by the commander-in-chief for a territory defined in orders. It embraces every person and every-

thing, and makes the commander the arbiter of life and property in that district. He is justified in the abrogation of civil authority, especially in foreign countries, wherever he deems it necessary to success. In the ancient monarchies wars were waged on this terrible plan, culminating in a general destruction of property, capture and slaughter. In our times kings, emperors, presidents and generals are presumed to have military reasons for the use of this power. It should be thought necessary to overpower or to weaken the enemy, to preserve discipline, procure supplies or prevent information. In the late Rebellion it accomplished the abolition of slavery. Without it armies might be not only useless but subject to annihilation. On the field of battle civil rights are of necessity overwhelmed until the issue is decided.

Col. J. H. Simpson, of the United States engineers, afterwards brigadier-general, was assigned to the fortifications, with Captain Merrill, of the same corps, as his subordinate. By Col. Simpson's request, and also that of Gen. Wallace, I took charge of the field-works on that part of the line east of the Licking river. The accompanying miniature map gives a general idea of the entire line, which is about seven and a half (7½) miles in length. Afterwards, when Gen. S. J. Burbridge was in command of the district of Kentucky, an order was issued naming the forts and batteries on this and other fortified lines of the State. Farther on, those in front of Covington and Newport will be more fully described.

Gov. Tod, on the 4th, arrived at Cincinnati and organized the militia regiments into a brigade, under Gen. Joshua H. Bates, which crossed the Ohio and took post across the road leading up the river. The One Hundred and One Hundred and Second Ohio volunteers, with the First battery, and the Eighteenth United States regulars were on the left of Bates, extending to the river. A brigade of the Ohio volunteers, composed of the Fiftieth, Seventy-ninth, Eighty-third and Eighty-ninth regiments, in command of Col. Taylor of the Fiftieth, were soon placed behind infantry parapets. Gov. Tod hurried forward the regiments in process of formation, including the Ninety-fifth and Ninety-seventh Ohio, promising Gen. Wright

of all troops, forty-two regiments, besides the Squirrel Hunters. For these he made a general call on the 6th. They came as fast as the railroads could bring them, an unnumbered host, each man with his gun, a pouch of bullets, a well-filled powder horn and a blanket. There was not time in the prodigious hurry of events for organization, but they made excellent pickets and scouts in front of the works.

Our picket and skirmish lines met those of the enemy on the 6th of September, one man being killed and others wounded. The detail of a regiment next to Fort Mitchel, on the right, came leisurely back and reported that they were driven in. The colonel asked if there had been any firing, to which the officer replied, "no, but there were a great many Rebels there." "Humph," said the colonel, "driven in. You leave your muskets here, get some picks and shovels and go and dig on the trenches."

To the south and southwest of Fort Mitchel is an open country three-fourths (¾) of a mile to a mile, bordered on the farther side by a belt of timber-land. This timber formed a shelter to their scouts and skirmishers, who were plainly visible. Behind it are farms on the Lexington pike, where they had a camp and a battery. The owner of one of these farms came to the fort saying that as he was walking through the battery a Rebel soldier seized his watch. The captain protected him and told the men that "the farmer had given them eggs, chickens and butter, and he must not be robbed; but to-morrow we will be in Covington, where you can get plenty of watches."

For nearly three months, in the fall of 1861, there was not rain enough to moisten the ground. The hills around Covington and Cincinnati, which are generally rich with the verdure of grass, vineyards, orchards and ornamental trees, were now of a sombre brown color. The valleys, where there are generally springs and rivulets, were so dry that water for the troops was brought from the Ohio river by a water brigade of teams and casks. So many troops lying in the rear of the intrenchments with their horses, wagons and fatigue parties, pulverized the soil into flying dust, which filled the atmosphere. A hot sun from a clear sky caused the heat to be always oppressive. There

was very little water in the Licking river. On the route from Lexington, the Rebels reported that the most difficult of their supplies was water. The inhabitants offered them whisky in abundance, but were reserved as to the liquid of nature. However, the season was not unhealthy.

The city of Cincinnati voted unrestricted means to sustain the defense with all her material resources. Coal barges were collected and a pontoon bridge thrown across the river, there being no permanent bridge at that time. Gen. Wallace infused his own energy into every department of the service. A brigade of colored volunteer laborers were enrolled under Judge Dickenson, who had their bivouac on the east bank of the Licking, near the woods. Several steamers were armed to patrol the river and prevent a crossing, as it was in many places passable by cavalry. R. M. Corwin, Esq., had command of this fleet. It was a wonder to every one how soon all the troops became available in some form to carry out military designs.

FORTS AND BATTERIES.

There were built eventually four forts, or enclosed earthworks, with artillery parapets and ditches. Counting from the right, there were on the west of the Licking Forts Mitchel and Wright; east of the Licking Forts Burnside and Whittlesey. Fort Mitchel was a regular work with four bastions, occupying a commanding position on the Lexington pike, with a redan covering the gateway in the eastern curtain. It would accommodate about 2,500 men, and in 1861 had ten thirty-two pounder, smooth-bore iron guns. In 1862 some rifled parrot guns were put on the lines, but not more than one-third the number its length required. These might be used in the field or in the works. They are lighter, can be fired more rapidly, and have a closer and longer range. Smooth-bores were dispensed with as fast as rifled pieces could be fabricated. This line required at least 150 guns, besides howitzers and mortars, to drop shells into the ravines in front. Fort Wright is about half the capacity of Fort Mitchel, and is situated about three-fourths of a mile to the east, with a battery between them. It commands a part of the country reached by Fort Mitchel on

and near the Lexington pike. Both of them are independent outworks in front of the intrenched line, where it makes an angle to the eastward. Not having access to my detailed map of the region, this one is given as a field sketch, and on account of its reduced scale the batteries cannot be represented. To the north or right of Fort Mitchel there were four. The largest, at the extreme right on the Ohio river, could mount eight guns. It was named after Col. J. L. K. Smith, of the Forty-third Ohio, who was killed at Corinth. Between Fort Wright and the Licking river were eight batteries, most of them on high bluffs overlooking the valley of Deer creek towards the south. East of the Licking, the end of a ridge about 250 feet above the river presented a good location for a battery, looking up the valley of Deer creek and also up the railway, the canal and the Licking. This ridge curves to the northward around Battery Shaler, Fort Burnside and the cemetery to the turnpike from Newport. This part of the line, like that on the west, is strong by nature and easily made impregnable by engineering. In this space there were four batteries. The timber in the valley to the south and on the slope was felled. From Fort Burnside easterly to the Ohio river, the natural advantages are not as good. Between it and Fort Whittlesey there were two batteries, and at the extreme left one. More than one line of rifle-pits was made across this space, which were occupied, or had a full complement of troops in supporting distance. In all there were twenty batteries, but very deficient in guns. Owing to the drought the ground was solid; roads behind the line were easily made and kept in repair, on which pieces could be transferred and concentrated on very short notice. For its length it is seldom that a line can be found which could sooner be put in a state of defense. The country in front is made up of sharp hills and valleys, but easily passed by an army. Our plan contemplated three forts of about one thousand men each; a few miles out; one on the Lexington pike, the Licking river and the Cold Spring pike.

By the 6th of September Heath would have been repulsed at any point of attack he might have selected. By the 8th he would have required seventy-five thousand men to make an im-

pression. Besides the volunteer regiments on the ground, a division of Gen. Curtiss' command, from the Department of Missouri, eight thousand strong, was on the way. These troops had been in the campaign which resulted in the battle of Pea Ridge. They arrived on the 11th or 12th, and were quartered in the Baptist College. The lines were then so strong and well manned that the combined forces of Bragg, Smith and Marshall would not have ventured an attack. On the 7th the battle of Perrysville, or Champlin Hills, was fought, and Gen. Bragg retreated. It required several days for him to communicate with Smith, Marshall and their numerous outposts. Gen. Heath, who does not appear to have decided to withdraw until the 11th, began the march on the 12th, and on the 13th disappeared. A hospital train had been sent from Cincinnati, September 12th, on the Lexington railroad, with relief for our sick and wounded at that place. It was stopped by Heath, but on communication with Kirby Smith, was allowed to pass. The train was enabled to get within nine miles of Lexington, which was virtually abandoned by the enemy. After Bragg's change of policy from terrible war and Yankee annihilation, what fighting occurred in Kentucky took place on their part as an escort for the quartermasters' trains.

Gov. Tod on the 13th ordered back all Squirrel Hunters then on their way, much to their chagrin. Those on the lines were sent to their homes. Soon after the governor prepared an acknowledgment of their services, which was addressed individually to each one of them.

CHAPTER VI.—*Union Generals.*

GEN. J. B. M'PHERSON.

I HAD never met Gen. McPherson until the attack on Fort Donelson. Afterwards, during the second day at Shiloh Church, he brought orders from Gen. Grant, while we were on our way to the mouth of Snake creek, and I never saw him again. My personal acquaintance with him is, therefore, very limited, embracing only a short conversation, wholly official. Although our troops had met with a great disaster, of which he was a witness, I found him calm, courteous and perfectly clear in giving his instructions. He rode a good horse, and hurried back along the Owl creek road full of life and vigor, to find Gen. Wallace.

Gen. McPherson graduated at the United States Military Academy, at the head of the class of 1853. He was promoted, of course, into the engineers' corps. Until 1861 he performed the usual service of a lieutenant of engineers at Boston, New York, Delaware Bay and San Francisco, constructing permanent fortifications. In August, 1861, he was promoted to be Captain of Engineers. In November, Gen. Halleck made him an aide, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. From February to May, 1862, he was chief engineer to Gen. Grant. In May, 1862, he was promoted to be brigadier of volunteers, and placed in charge of the western railways. In the attack on Iuka, he commanded a brigade, where he developed so much ability as a brigadier-general that he was soon after commissioned major-general of volunteers.

Gen. Grant not only gave him his confidence as an officer, but formed the closest personal friendship. The Seventeenth army corps was soon placed in McPherson's hands. We hear of him successfully at Holly Springs, Memphis, Vicksburg,

Grand Gulf, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hill, and again at Vicksburg, all the while growing in the confidence of his superiors. He was not one of those commanders of whom his inferiors stood in awe. His manners were genial and courteous. He was already a thorough student in the art of war, becoming more and more accomplished in his profession by practice in the field.

In October, 1863, he was entrusted with an army corps, which in Europe is the command of a lieutenant-general. When the movement to Atlanta was planned, McPherson was given the right wing, composed of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth corps, constituting a full army. He had already acquired the confidence of both Grant and Sherman. The plan of the first movement of the Atlanta campaign involved the capture of the railway in Johnson's rear, at or near Resaca. This was assigned to McPherson. Sherman wished to give Johnson a staggering blow at the outset. His plan of attack was one that appears to be as certain of success as anything can be in war. While Thomas made an assault upon Mill Creek gap, Schofield, with the left wing, came down from the north upon Dalton. McPherson was ordered south, along the west side of the mountains to Snake Creek gap, about half a day's march west from Resaca. He did not capture Resaca or hold the railway, and Johnson escaped. He discovered his mistake before night, and before any criticism had reached him. His frank assumption of whatever blame attached to the result and all its consequences, was in full accord with his noble character. Sherman was chagrined, but even his impetuous nature attributed the failure only to an error of judgment in regard to the strength of Resaca.

As this was the only censure which fell upon McPherson in ten engagements where he held an important command, should we allow this single instance to throw a shadow upon his fame? How many of our generals have succeeded in nine battles out of ten? In the fortunes of war, to win more victories than he suffers defeats, ensures the reputation of a commander. Let us look a moment at the situation of Resaca. McPherson was not peremptorily ordered to attack the place,

but only to cut the railway. The day was well advanced before he could reconnoitre the works. He perceived that Johnson had constructed roads from Dalton to Snake Creek gap, which was in our rear, and where the trains were left. In McPherson's judgment, before Resaca could be carried the Rebel army might attack his trains at the gap. Although their retreat to the gap proved to be an error, I do not see how, with the hasty information he was able to get, his conclusions were not sound. A dare-devil commander would have taken the risk, and would have succeeded. A calm, intelligent general would have declined it. Good generals are not made of dare-devils, but of men who act upon their conclusions, based upon the circumstances.

We all know how he retained Sherman's confidence, and went on winning more reputation, at Kingston, Dallas and Kenesaw until the fatal 22d of July, before Atlanta. He was then only thirty-five years of age. I can say nothing of him more true than the brief eulogies of Gen. Sherman and Gen. Grant.

On the fall of Gen. McPherson, Sherman reported the event to headquarters at Washington, as a part of his account of the action, in which he said: "He fell booted and spurred as the gallant knight and gentleman should wish. Not his the loss, but the country's. This army will mourn his death, and cherish his memory as that of one, who, comparatively young, had risen by his merit and ability to the command of one of the best armies which the Nation has called into existence to vindicate its honor and integrity. History tells of few who so blended the grace and gentleness of the friend with the dignity, grace and courage of the soldier."

Gen. Grant was still more grieved by his death and says of him: "He was one of the most able of engineers, and the most skilful of generals. The Nation grieves at the loss of one so dear to the Nation's cause. Every officer and soldier who served under him felt the highest reverence for his patriotism, for his zeal, his almost unequaled ability, his amiability, and all those manly virtues which can adorn a commander."

GEN. ORMSBY M'KNIGHT MITCHEL.

Gen. O. M. Mitchel was born in Kentucky, his parents removing to Lebanon, Warren county, Ohio, while he was quite young, and where his father soon died. He obtained a warrant to the United States Military Academy at the age of sixteen, and not having the means to pay his passage, made the journey there on foot, in June, 1825. Mitchel was somewhat below average size, well proportioned and very active. He was detailed on his graduation, in 1829, as assistant Professor of Mathematics. There was at that time a very interesting lady at West Point, the widow of a late officer, Lieut. Grier. Lieut. Mitchel soon united his fortunes with hers, whose social and intellectual qualities were of a high order, and whose personal graces made her a general favorite. After a long and excessively painful sickness she died at Albany, in 1860.

In 1831 Lieut. Mitchel left the service by resignation, and located at Cincinnati as a lawyer. His incessant activity of mind and body required more occupation. For ten years he was Professor of Astronomy and Natural Philosophy in the Cincinnati college, captain of a company of home guards and civil engineer. He made the survey of the Sandy and Beaver canal, from the Ohio river to Bolivar, and of the Mississippi & Ohio railroad. In 1844 he originated the Cincinnati Observatory and became its director. He had the faculty in the lecture room and with the pen to make astronomy interesting, because his inclination and talents were absorbed in that subject. From 1845 to 1869 he published five volumes on the subject, all of them of high repute in the field of science, written in a happy style, like that of the lecture room, which gave to a dry subject a popular interest. In this country there was bestowed upon him the degree of LL. D.; and in England that of Fellow in the Royal Astronomical Society.

In every pursuit Mitchel was not only industrious but zealous. His investigations were profound, testing the accuracy of his conclusions by strict mathematics, unbiased by theory or the hope of reputation. His magazine, known as the Siderial Messenger, and his work on the planetary and stellar worlds

are examples of his enthusiasm and of his popularity as an astronomer.

A riot occurred on Sycamore street, Cincinnati, which his company was called upon to put down. The mob hurled stones at his soldiers, who opened fire upon them. None were killed but several so badly wounded that they were left in the street. One person, who was a looker-on, sued Captain Mitchel for his injuries, but the court decided that bystanders cannot be distinguished from the mob, and must keep away or take the chances.

My first acquaintance with him occurred on a cold winter evening in 1828 and 1829, in the hall of the old North Barracks. A cadet from Georgia had assaulted Lieut. Thornton, who was commandant in the building. The punishment for striking an officer is death, for which the young man was tried and convicted. He was confined in the cadet prison, on the second floor, where I was on post. It was part of the unwritten code that prisoners should not be made unnecessarily uncomfortable, and that they should not compromise the sentinels. The prison door was not locked, and our muskets were not loaded. Passing on that beat, the back of the sentry was half the time away from the door. The prisoner was a powerful man, and coming out of the prison, walked up behind me, threw one arm around my neck and musket and drew a pistol. I called for the corporal of the guard. Corporal O. M. Mitchel was at that moment coming up the south stairway with the relief. He and his relief sprang forward, but the culprit ran down the other stairs, and was soon captured. I was placed under arrest for allowing him to escape, and we were marched under guard to the mess hall together. His sentence was commuted at Washington to dismissal, and I was released. From that night until his death, Mitchel was a steadfast, personal friend.

The friendships and hates of army life are more intense than they can be among civilians. There is a relation between officers and their men that is difficult to conceive of, and cannot exist in civil life. On the part of the soldier there may be respect, regard, and even affection, or there may be mortal hatred, due to the manner in which arbitrary power is admin-

istered. Soldiers are often willing to die for their chiefs, but there are cases where a commander is in danger from a bullet from his own men when a favorable opportunity occurs in the confusion of a battle. Between officers there are not only friendships that bear the test of martyrdom, but there are rivalries and jealousies of inexpressible bitterness. In foreign armies they result in duels, which, in our country, are repressed by the law of etiquette and the army regulations.

The opportunity of a superior to inflict personal wrongs upon his subordinates within these restraints are, however, very numerous, to which no retort can be made.

When the Rebel guns opened on Fort Sumter, Mitchel was deeply engaged in his favorite science, as Astronomer-in-Chief of the Dudley Observatory, at Albany, New York. He soon received a commission as brigadier-general of volunteers, and was assigned to the department of the Ohio, with headquarters at Cincinnati. The department was extended fifteen miles into Kentucky, to enable him to protect Cincinnati by works on that side of the river, the details of which may be seen in chapter five.

The enemy did not seriously threaten that city in 1861. Gen. Mitchel became anxious for active work in the field, and proposed a raid into East Tennessee, which was not approved. The command of a division was given him in Buell's army, stationed on the Nashville railroad, at Bacon's creek. His restless aspirations were again doomed to disappointment. The army was not attacked, and the forward movement lingered. It was not until the fall of Donelson that Mitchel's division took the lead in a rapid march on Nashville, which he entered on the 23d of February, 1862. The division was pushed through Tennessee, occupying Huntsville, Decatur and the railroad east to Bridgeport. He possessed the activity and enthusiasm suited to western troops, and the faculty of short, rousing speeches to infuse them with his own enterprise.

Before active work commenced in that region, in the fall of 1862, he was ordered to the new and distant command of the Tenth army corps, with headquarters at Beaufort, South Carolina. Here he was soon prostrated with yellow fever, and on

the 30th day of October, died quite suddenly at the age of fifty-two. In his last moments he was not able to articulate, but passed away with his eyes raised and one hand pointing towards heaven, where he believed his spirit would instantly meet that of his departed wife.

It was a source of incessant regret with Gen. Mitchel that he could not have a command in a general battle. With his inspiring presence, his fertility of resource and his ambition for victory, there is no doubt he would have won a name in the field, if his good fortune had furnished the opportunity.

GEN. S. R. CURTIS.

In all the wars since the origin of this Nation some members of this family have engaged in active and honorable service. Patriotic ambition may become hereditary, and, stimulated by example and by household traditions, may go increasing in strength for many generations.

Jotham, the grandfather of Gen. Curtis, was a captain in the Connecticut line, during the war of Independence. His father, Zarah, enlisted at the age of sixteen in Captain Webb's company of mounted men of the famous regiment of Col. Sheldon, Gen. Talmadge's brigade, and served to the close of the war. Hosmer, an elder brother, joined a volunteer regiment called out in 1813 by Gov. Meigs, on the Maumee. When the Mexican war came on, in 1846, Samuel was appointed adjutant-general of Ohio, in command of Camp Washington, and was made colonel of the Third Ohio volunteers.

He was the youngest of nine children of Zarah and Phally Yale Curtis, of Connecticut, and was born February 5, 1805, at Champlain, New York, on the Canada line. In 1809 the family removed to Newark, Licking county, Ohio, where they underwent the usual experience of pioneers. The father was a farmer. Both parents were respected in that community, were active supporters of schools, society and religion.

Samuel Ryan was deputy clerk of the court when, in 1827, he received an appointment as cadet at West Point. Two brothers, Hosmer and Henry B. Curtis, settled at Mt. Vernon, Knox county, Ohio.

The military spirit of his ancestors, and a thirst for distinction in war, were conspicuous features of his character. His figure was tall, with an erect military presence. At the academy he went through all the grades of cadet officers. In disposition he was remarkable for good nature, fond of music, social, temperate and popular.

After graduating in the infantry, July, 1831, Lieut. Curtis did duty at Fort Gibson, in Arkansas, about a year, when he resigned to take charge as principal engineer of the improvement of the Muskingum river by the State of Ohio. In this work he continued until it was nearly completed in 1839, but was suspended for political reasons. He surveyed a route for a railroad from Bolivar, on the Tuscarawas, as a feeder to the Sandy and Beaver canal, through the State westerly to the mouth of the Auglaize. Being a good draftsman, he made a large manuscript map of the State of Ohio, which may yet be in some of the offices at Columbus. His industrious habits, in the meantime, led him to read for the practice of law, and, being admitted to the bar, he settled at McConnellsville, Morgan county, Ohio.

In 1841 he ran for the Ohio Senate in that district and was defeated. About this time he married Miss Belinda Buckingham, of Putnam, whose father, Stephen, felled the first trees where his cabin was built. Ebenezer Buckingham, who married a daughter of Gen. Rufus Putnam, of Marietta, was her uncle, and, with her father, was a pioneer and founder of the town. Mrs. Curtis still survives at Keokuk, Iowa, a lady of fine acquirements and agreeable manners, who has the esteem of the family of her late husband and of the citizens of Keokuk. Mr. Curtis removed to Wooster, Ohio, where he was engaged in legal practice when the Mexican war was commenced in 1846. He was appointed by Gov. Bartley adjutant-general of the State, and on the organization of the Third regiment of volunteers was elected colonel. It was quite significant of the sagacity of American citizens that the first volunteer regiments from Ohio elected for colonels men who had a military education, without reference to politics.

The general and field officers appointed by the Federal executive for the new regiments of regulars, were selected more for political than military reasons. Nothing can be conceived of more depressing than the position of a soldier or subordinate officer under a commander whom they feel to be incompetent. This feeling of confidence, or want of confidence, is instinctive with intelligent men. They have a terrible interest at stake, not alone of success but of life or death. To be exposed to slaughter for no useful purpose is the most trying, because it is the most desperate situation in which men can be placed. With confidence there is the hope and the inspiration of victory; without it the fall of comrades in battle presents a spectacle of heart-sickening despair.

The regiment under Col. Curtis advanced from Matamoras, through Camargo and Monterey to Saltillo, of which he was made military governor, reaching there the day after the battle of Buena Vista. After the junction of the troops under Gen. Wool with those of Gen. Taylor, he became the inspector-general of the command. When the term of service of the regiment expired it was mustered out, and Col. Curtis soon moved with his family to the new town of Keokuk, in Iowa, to take charge of the improvement of the river Des Moines. He soon became deeply interested in Asa Whitney's project for a railway from the Mississippi to the Pacific ocean. In the local and general conventions, on that subject, he was generally present as an earnest advocate of the project. Having been elected to Congress in 1857, he there continued to labor for it still more effectively. He was re-elected and was entering on a third term when the Rebellion occurred. His home popularity was not due to the schemes of a politician, but to his general *bon hommie* and the confidence of his constituents in his honesty, public spirit and patriotism.

The Second Iowa volunteers elected him its colonel, and getting first in the field, was ordered to the Hannibal & St. Joe railway, in Missouri. The prompt occupation of that line saved the road and cut off the Rebel organization in northern Missouri. He was soon appointed a brigadier of volunteers, with the command of the well-known expedition against Ster-

ling Price, in southwestern Missouri, which resulted in the battle of Pea Ridge, and the dispersion of Price's army. For this he received a commission as major-general.

In his home, the family was the absorbing object of a very affectionate heart. In southwestern Missouri a favorite daughter died while nursing the troops, and a son, who was on the staff, was killed by guerillas.

His command marched to the Mississippi river, at Helena, Arkansas, in time to be present in Cincinnati, in October, 1862, when that place was threatened by Kirby Smith. Gen. Curtis was assigned to the department of Missouri. The administration having adopted a policy of conciliation, Gen. Fremont and, afterwards, Gen. Curtis were removed for political reasons.

The last Pacific railroad convention was held in Chicago in 1864, of which he was president. The bill to authorize its construction, for which he had so long labored, was soon after made a law. When the work was so far advanced that sections were offered to the Government for acceptance, Gen. Curtis was appointed one of their commissioners to examine the work. In 1866 Gen. J. H. Simpson, an army friend, and Dr. White, who were his colleagues, returned to Omaha, after examining three hundred and six miles of the road. They crossed the Missouri on foot upon the ice in a severe winter storm, and entered a carriage at Council Bluffs to reach the Northwestern railway. They were barely out of the town when the general turned pale, fell forward, and was dead before a house could be reached. During the trip, and the day previous, he was in apparent health and unusually good spirits. His sudden decease was due to an aneurism of the aorta. Many deaths have occurred, among officers of both armies, equally shocking, from the effects of previous exposure, and the excessive strain, both mental and physical, to which they had been subjected.

The proceedings at Keokuk, on the occasion of his funeral, were not merely of a ceremonial character. Places of business were closed, the courts adjourned, including the Common Pleas, the United States District Court, and the Supreme Court of Iowa. The addresses and resolutions were earnest and touching. Better and deeper than this was the great crowd of citi-

zens who joined in the procession to the cemetery on a severe winter day, with an expression of profound personal grief.

GEN. J. D. COX.

In 1861 Gen. Cox was State senator from Trumbull county district, which indicates clearly that he was an avowed anti-slavery man. Gen. Garfield represented the Portage county district in the upper house at the same time. They were very young men for those positions, but filled them so ably that they were acknowledged to be leaders. Personally they were intimate friends; quite like college chums. Both were prominent as moralists and professors of religion, but of different sects. Both were close students and persuasive speakers. While they were firm in their convictions against negro slavery, they were not offensive nor disposed to treat their opponents with disrespect. Undoubtedly they agreed with Gov. Chase in regarding the Rebellion as a fortunate opportunity for the legal extirpation of slavery.

A convention had been suggested by the South, which was held at Washington, in which there had been a full consent to nearly everything that was demanded of them. It was evidently a piece of diplomacy to gain time for organization. There was no legal power on their part, if there had been a disposition to enforce the conclusions of the convention. Behind their delegates, the people were in a state of unreasoning sedition, bent upon the disruption of the Republic or supremacy over it. When their appeal to the trial by battle failed, a large class have not honorably accepted the result, but continue to whine over it as unreasoning as before. But the beneficent effects of the convention were of value in consolidating the wavering sentiment of persons at the North, who had a sincere desire to avoid war on the part of the slave States. All such opinions were dissipated on the organization of the Confederacy, which went steadily on to the bombardment of Sumter.

Gen. Cox had been a general of militia, taking pride in the annual brigade and regimental musters. As far as practicable he avoided display, studying carefully the drill of the soldiers

of the company and battalion. He was given the command of one of the brigades of militia at Camp Denison. He applied himself to this, as to all other occupations, with assiduity. The Ohio legislature had organized three brigades, which were prepared to cross the Ohio before they were mustered into the service of the United States. Gen. Cox was assigned to the Kanawha valley, as has been related in chapter two.

Gen. Garfield was urged by the governor to take an appointment in one of the regiments as lieutenant-colonel, but hesitated in regard to his capacity for military service. He expressed himself as a total stranger to military matters in any form, from the lowest details to everything above them. It required decided urging on the part of his friends to overcome a deep-seated dread of failure.

Gen. Cox, without pretense, had an abiding confidence of success, or, at least, of an ability to do his duty. In person he is tall, graceful and capable of endurance. His manners are pleasing, having an agreeable physiognomy, a uniform temperament, and an aspect becoming a military uniform. If he had possessed more dash he would have better pleased the undisciplined *personnel* of war with which he had to deal. But his demeanor won their respect where more pretension would not. If he had made personal efforts for promotion, many officers who did, would not have outranked him.

The prolonged service of Gen. Cox in one grade is too well known to require repetition. His promotion was once determined on and reported to the Senate, but withdrawn. His rank among the brigadiers, however, gave him the command of a division, and finally a corps, by seniority, until a commission as major-general of volunteers arrived. Patience is certainly a military virtue, but there is no occasion where it is so difficult to practice as while an officer is being systematically overslaughed.

At the end of the war he became a resident of Cincinnati, and resumed the law. It is well known how he was elected governor of Ohio, and appointed to a place in the Federal Cabinet. His capacity to act in untried positions has been shown as president of the Western & Lake Erie railway. Two of Scrib-

ner's volumes of war history are of his composition. In the domain of science, Gen. Cox has kept pace with the progress of the age in a way that is not demonstrative, but, like his other qualities, more profound than brilliant. Having occupied so many prominent situations, quite diverse from each other, he is still a comparatively young man. On the subject of assimilation of the white and colored races in the South, he differed from his Republican friends in the days of reconstruction. The state of society in the slave States since that period has proven the sagacity of his conclusions.

GEN. M. D. LEGGETT.

Gen. Leggett was reared in Geauga county, Ohio. As a young man he attended the academy at Kirtland, near where the Mormon temple is still standing. From a rude country life, with even studious habits, he became a teacher of country schools and was advanced to be superintendent of schools in Akron, Summit county. From Akron he was transferred to the same position at Zanesville, Ohio, where he lived at the outbreak of the Rebellion.

Governor Denison appointed him colonel of the Seventy-sixth Ohio volunteers, which in March, 1862, was assigned to the Third brigade, Third division of the command under Grant, on the Tennessee river. His first experience on the battle-field was at Shiloh Church, where he gave promise of success as a commander of troops in active service.

Soon after, in the operations in the vicinity of Bolivar, Tennessee, as chief of the brigade, a large force of the enemy were resisted and dispersed in a manner so daring and skilful that the result was the promotion of Col. Leggett to a brigadier-general.

Whoever reads the narrative of the operations of the Third brigade at Corinth, thence south into Mississippi, back to Memphis, thence to Vicksburg, and around to the rear by way of Port Huron to Jackson, in the battle of Champion Hills, in the assault on Vicksburg, the investment of Atlanta, and on their march to the sea, will find that Gen. Leggett's name appears on all the reports with frequent and honorable mention.

When the war ended he was seriously discussed as a candidate for governor of Ohio, when the nomination fell to Gen. R. B. Hayes.

He was not long in civil life before the office of Commissioner of Patents was offered and accepted by him. After filling that position several years, Gen. Leggett resigned, returned to Ohio, within easy range of the home of his childhood, taking up a residence at Cleveland, where he still lives. His occupation is that of an attorney for patents, involving superior skill in mechanics and mathematics, with legal knowledge of a high order and capacity as a speaker. In Cleveland he has been prominent in public affairs, especially in matters of education, as an advocate of benevolent enterprises, and as an active politician in the Republican party. In person, Gen. Leggett is squarely built, with a physique that indicates great physical endurance, which in war is full half the element of success. His physical and mental organization are equally broad. These connected with a versatility that gives scope to great personal industry, prove him to be one of the prominent men brought to the front by a patriotic war.

GEN. M. F. FORCE.

When the civil war of 1861 was fairly inaugurated in the valley of the Ohio, Gen. Force was a practicing attorney in Cincinnati. He joined a military company of the city, which, by way of exercise, made a march to Camp Denison, where it was courteously received by the newly-formed volunteer regiments. He was soon after appointed a major in the Twentieth Ohio infantry; then came his promotion to the lieutenant-colonelcy, and, reporting at Camp Chase, he proved to be an excellent drill officer for the companies that were coming in to form the regiment.

The history of the Twentieth shows what efficiency he developed as a commanding officer of the regiment, the brigade, and eventually of the division. Stooping over his wounded friend, Adjutant Walker, in the terrible conflict at Atlanta, he was severely wounded in the head. When the army was disbanded he was offered a colonelcy in the regular infantry, which was

declined in order to return to civil life and to the practice of law. It was not long before Gen. Force was elected a judge of the Superior Court of Hamilton county. His administration of justice has been so satisfactory that he still continues to hold that office. He was nominated by the Republican party for Congress, but was not elected.

From his father, the late Peter Force, of Washington, he inherits a taste for literature, especially for history and ethnology. His publications, especially those upon the theory of evolution, devised by Darwin, and upon the character of the Mound Builders, also his war memoranda, filling one volume of the Scribner series, display calm and faithful investigation, with a clear and facile mode of expression. His address, delivered at the first reunion of the Twentieth regiment, on the anniversary of the battle of Shiloh Church, April 6, 1876, shows the finish of his style and the close personal relations that existed with his men.

CHAPTER VII.

MAJOR BOSTWICK'S EXPERIENCE.

In 1861 Major N. Bostwick was a farmer in Licking County, Ohio, and an active member of the County Agricultural Society. His farm was well stocked with high bred cattle, horses, hogs and sheep. He was not subject to military duty, but his ancestors had fought in the army of the Revolution, and he was inspired to do the same in the Southern Rebellion. One son was of military age, another was not; but both joined the company raised by their father for the 20th Ohio Volunteers. Mrs. Bostwick and the younger children were left in charge of the premises and the stock.

At the battle of Champion Hills, on the 6th of May, 1863, the 20th Ohio was compelled, by the exigencies of the day, to lie on the ground in a hot sun several hours, awaiting the order to charge. A number of the men and officers were sun-struck, from which they fell out as the regiment moved up the hill on the Rebel line. Capt. Meleck died with several men, and Major Bostwick was so much prostrated that the effects remain to this time.

About 2 P. M. of the 22d of July, 1864, he was captured by three Rebel soldiers, during the battle of Atlanta, and led by them to a captain and thirty-nine men, near to town, who guarded the prisoners. His sad experience from that hour in Southern prisons, and his sufferings during a month in the mountains, effecting an escape, appear like a horrid romance. But most of the details are from his own lips. The whole cannot be reported here, but only the salient events.

Before reaching the Rebel guard a soldier shot at him, the ball striking a corner of one eye. A piece of the ball went inside of the socket, the main part making an ugly and painful

wound on the cheek, cutting an artery, which bled profusely. He had just received a new outfit, including a beaver hat, a twelve dollar pair of boots, and a sword. The captain took his hat, sword and watch, and said, "damn you, I want those boots." "You can't have them while I am alive." The officer then threatened to kill him, and stooped to seize the boots. Major B. gave him a kick in the breast, which sent him several feet sprawling on the ground. The major, expecting to be killed, gave the masonic grand hail of distress, to which the Rebel captain responded, saying, "well, keep your boots." He then put his own hat on one of his soldiers, whose ragged and worthless hat he jammed on the major's head, down over the wounded eye. It was ten days before the fragment of lead was taken out.

They were marched about ten miles, and lay down. Among them were Capt. Humiston, Lieut. Colby and Lieut. Rush, of the 20th Ohio. They had nothing to eat until the 24th, when they received a tincup of corn meal. The men were taken to Andersonville, the officers to Griffin. Col. Shed, of the 30th Illinois, and Col. Scott, of the 68th Ohio, were with them. The latter leaped from the train at night, but was caught by hounds and brought to Macon.

"Here were about 1,800 officers, with no shelter for two weeks." The captains and field officers were ordered to Charleston, S. C.; the lieutenants to Savannah. At Charleston we were put in the old workhouse, where I had bilious fever. Col. Scott nursed me until he was sent away. Our rations were mouldy cakes of rice and bad pork. Dr. Todd, a brother of Mrs. Lincoln, was our surgeon, who treated us kindly, but could get little medicine, and no proper hospital rations.

We planned an escape, making a saw of an old knife, to cut away the bars. I also got an impression of the key to the lock of a door on the second story. Colonels Shed and Scott opened the door with my key. I went again with Captain Pease, and the key would not work. Some of the Georgia men on guard favored our escape. I might have been exchanged with Colonels Shed and Scott, but was too sick to travel. Captain McFadden, of the Fifty-ninth New York, nursed me. At

8 A. M. of October 6th, we were put into cattle cars that had not been cleaned, and started for Columbia, S. C. I sat against the side of the car, sick, all day and all night. The next morning we were left in a field, in a pouring rain, under guard of the provost-martial.

The next day the prisoners were taken across the Combahee river. I could not walk. The guards cursed me, and pushed me with their bayonets. There were others as bad as myself. About 1 P. M. we reached camp. I was a mere skeleton. For three weeks we had neither medicines nor medical atendance; our rations the same as at Charleston. At last Dr. Ladrones came as our surgeon, a kind, cheerful man, who placed me and twelve others on stretchers, and put us in a tent. We were almost eaten up by lice. He said: "You shall not die; don't think of escaping; I will get you paroled." He gave me fifteen grains of quinine at a dose. I had also lung fever, but in about three weeks could walk, and went to the Saluda river, where there was a Union family who gave me milk, butter and biscuit. Every day our men would lie down and die. There were about 1,100 left. Some escaped through the vaults to the river. I determined to escape. The good Union women brought good cooked food to our hospital tent.

It might not be prudent, even at this time, to publish the names of the Union men who helped us to escape. We were not betrayed by any of them, their wives or families. Our gratitude to them all is as great as there are words to express, but we might not do them a favor by relating their acts of kindness towards us. There was Captain McFadden, Lt. H. C. Paine, myself, and two officers of the Army of the Potomac, who determined to take the risks of reaching the Federal lines. For many days we made haversacks, collected provisions and clothing, got directions as to the route, and laid our plans to get out of the stockade one by one.

There was a rumor of a change of prisons, which caused us to leave one day earlier and before we were entirely ready. On the 1st day of December, 1864, by many strategems and the help of many true friends, we succeeded in scattering through the woods. Our rendezvous that night was near the farm

house of a Union friend, who was to put us across the Congaree in a dug-out. This was eleven (11) miles from Columbia. We made about twenty-five miles that night. On the night of the 2d-3d the two lieutenants of the Army of the Potomac left us and started for the coast. We never heard of them afterwards.

With my pocket knife I cut each of us a stout hickory stick, which was the only weapons we had. These we carried through to Knoxville, Tennessee. We traveled only at night, and in single file within sight of each other. As the day began to dawn we turned into the woods and lay during the day, but dare not make a fire. On the 5th, near Newberry, just before morning, we met a colored man. He told us to go up one of the forks, where he had a brother. McFadden mistrusted this man and would not go with us, but Paine and myself went. That night he brought us some cooked spare-ribs, coffee and milk and showed us the way to his brother's. This man's wife was tickled to death to see us, and he wanted to go with us. He put some red pepper and onions into a bottle of turpentine, and said if we rubbed this on our feet and legs the hounds would not follow us. He kept watch outside the cabin and went eight miles with us on the way, but refused to take any pay from us.

We kept to the east of Greenville, South Carolina, because there were troops at that station. Being out of rations we ate turnips and stumps of cabbages, which made us sick. I went to a negro cabin where they got us a supper and cooked a peck of sweet potatoes to put in our haversacks. Perhaps I shall not place everything in the right order, for I lost my memoranda before I got to the lines.

At Tyger's river, on the waters of the Saluda, we came to a bridge where there was a guard, all of whom appeared to be asleep. The stream could not be crossed except at this bridge. Two men lay about the middle of the bridge, and one sat near one end with his head on his knees. I was to strike him on the head with my cane, and all of us to spring on the other two. My man fell off into the water. We seized the muskets of the others and bound them with their knapsack straps. We hur-

ried along the road with them about two miles. They begged so piteously (promised not to tell and told us about the roads) that we did not kill them. We bound them to some trees and hurried on. By daylight we thought we had made twenty-five miles and were in the vicinity of Hendersonville.

At the Saluda pass of the Blue Ridge was a fire ahead of us on the road, and there appeared to be men standing around it. We went back up a mountain and got into a rock shelter. The next day we saw there were no pickets, but only stumps around the fire. In that shelter I left my diary, knife, fork and spoon. Soon after we saw a tent and some men at a bridge, about 9 P. M. There was a fearful storm. We crossed the stream among rocks below the bridge, climbed a precipice over one hundred feet high by grasping the laurels, and got into the road beyond. About this time, towards morning, we heard the bloodhounds bellow. Then horns began to blow, and other hounds to answer in all directions. We crept along a fence into a brook, and went up it in the water. As we lay on our blankets two hounds attacked us, whom we killed with our clubs.

We wished to get on the west side of the French Broad river, and believing we were on the wrong road, came out of the woods that night, when we heard a halloo. I went into the road and saw a Rebel picket, who called halt. "Where do you belong?" said he. "Charleston." "Where are you going?" "To Flat Rock." "You are deserters." "That's so." "Well, I would desert too, but I have a wife here. You can pass."

We came upon a number of houses, and went behind a large elm log, from which the bark had partly slid off. In the morning we thought it was the town of Asheville. It rained and snowed three inches deep, with a strong wind. Our pains were dreadful, but we dare not stir that day. The place was Hendersonville, thirty-five miles from Asheville. That night we had so nearly perished that we went to the negro quarters of a fine house to dry our blankets. The man was not at home, but his wife said it would not do to stay in their cabin. She was the most sympathetic person we had met, and went to the still house, built a fire, gave us a bottle of apple jack, gave me a pair of socks, made a pouch for me, and when her husband

came home he offered to pilot us to the house of a Union white man in the mountains, who had charge of the underground railroad. It was about midnight when we found his house, with great difficulty. He doubted us, and held a parley through the door. I convinced him by showing a letter from home. He said they were watched day and night; it would not do for us to be seen there, but his colored man would show us to the stable; they would send us something to eat, and this man would show us the way to Mr. ———, twelve miles. He said it was reported that Col. Kirk's Federal Rangers were on the French Broad, and that the Rebel pickets had withdrawn to Asheville. I do not give the name of this heroic man and family, for fear there may be yet in that region some Rebel devils who would retaliate.

He gave us his sign manual on a piece of paper, a peculiar scrawl, which all the underground white men of the mountains understood, and helped the prisoners forward. At Mr.———'s were only his wife and daughter; he was obliged to stay in the woods or be shot. We showed our sign manual. We stayed two nights in the center of a hay stack. They directed us to ———'s, and he to ———'s. From there we crossed the French Broad, in a dug-out, to Painted Rocks, where the Federal pickets were. There were nineteen (19) escaped prisoners there. Paine started alone for the next station in the night. He met a sentinel, who fired at him in the dark, but did not hit him. The prisoners went on without guns or a guard. Near night, when we thought all danger was past, about a dozen guerillas rose up in the bushes and fired at us. Only one man was hit, whose under lip was entirely carried away. They stripped us of our blankets and all other valuables. It was the last day of December when we reached Knoxville."

EXPERIENCE OF COL. GARIS.

Col. C. Garis, of Washington, Fayette County, Ohio, was a captain in the Twentieth Ohio. Soon after the battle of Shiloh Church he resigned on account of a large abcess in the left lung, which, it was presumed, would soon terminate his life.

When the one hundred days' regiments were organized, he was appointed a colonel, and sent to Kentucky. His command was stationed at Cynthiana, on the Licking river, when the place was attacked by Morgan, with a large force. J. R. Stewart, who had been a private in the Twentieth Ohio, and was then hospital steward, was captured in the town early in the day.

After several hours' fighting, Morgan set fire to the buildings occupied by Col. Garis, and sent Stewart to him with a demand to surrender. On his way back Morgan's men fired on Stewart, but Morgan told them he was a prisoner, and they allowed him to pass.

Stewart was taken away by the Confederates, but about thirty miles out he managed to escape. Col. Garis came out of the burning buildings and surrendered.

He was fired upon at a few steps by five men, one shot passing through the diseased lung. He was left for dead, or more bullets would have been put into his body. What appeared to be entirely fatal wounds, proved to be a savage remedy for his lungs. From the bullet holes a large quantity of pus was di charged, and, although not very robust, Col. Garis is still living, and a man of active business.

HIS STATEMENT.

"I cheerfully contribute my mite to carry to posterity the noble deeds of the men I had the honor to command.

"You use the proper term when you call our treatment at Cynthiana a horrid butchery. We fought for two hours with arms inferior and a force ten to our one, from some buildings, which gave us some advantage; but the people, being nearly all Rebels, set fire to the buildings, which compelled us to surrender or be roasted alive. We chose the former, expecting to be treated as prisoners of war; but to the surprise of us all, as when I, at the head of my men, stepped out of the building, we were fired upon by five men, not more than ten or twelve yards from me, and I received every ball in my arm, side and shoulder, after which they ceased firing.

"While weltering in my blood, they tore my sword off from me, and robbed me of my watch. My horse had been shot

from under me at the commencement of the battle. My saddle, pistols, trunk, and all we had shared the fate of my sword and purse.

"J. R. Stewart was severely tried during the fight (he having been taken prisoner early in the engagement) by being compelled to carry a flag of truce to me, under a galling fire, demanding a surrender.

"I cannot speak in too much praise of all the command, as every man did his whole duty, and fought like veterans. Their names should be enrolled in history, that their children should know what their fathers have done to perpetuate this Government.

Gen. Hobson, who was only a mile distant, might have saved us until Gen. Burbridge, who was in hot pursuit, would have enabled us to drive off Morgan."

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